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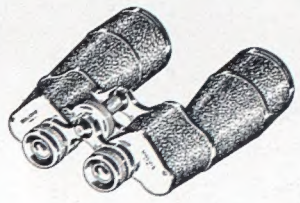

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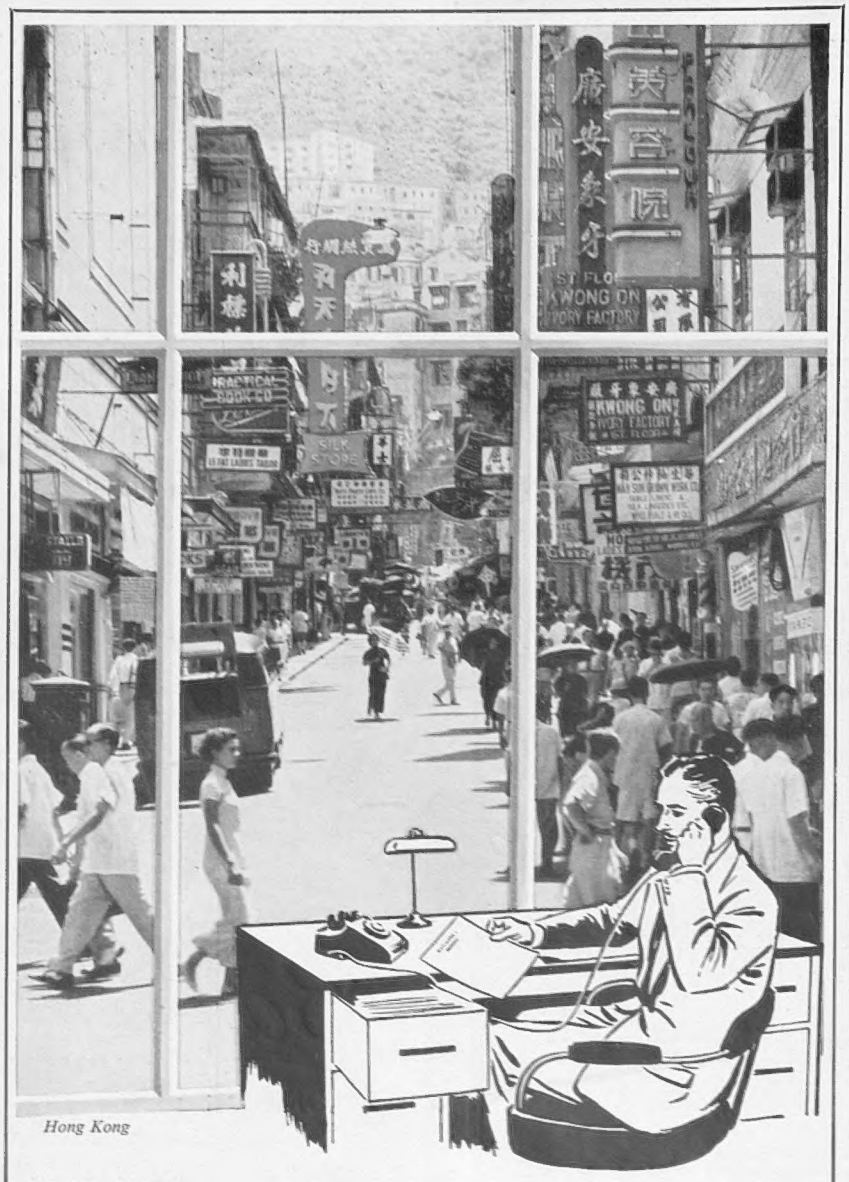

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THE ONE SCOTCH THAT STANDS OUT

Volume CCXXXVII No. 3089

The SPHERE, London, June 13, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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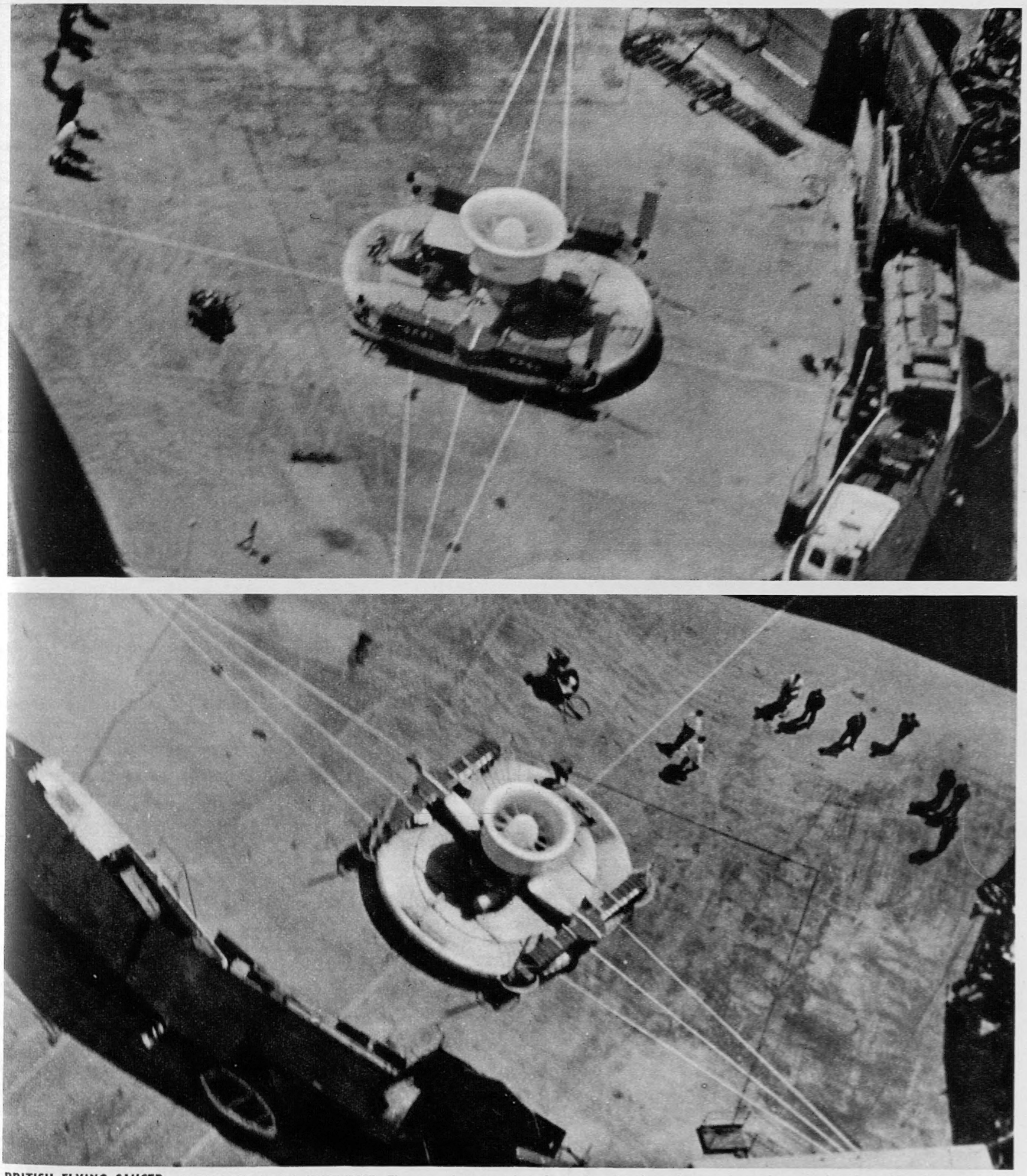

BRITISH FLYING SAUCER—TESTING THE S.R.N.1 HOVERCRAFT: The two pictures, taken from the air, show the experimental saucer-shaped machine being tested in front of the hangar at the Saunders-Roe factory at Cowes, Isle of Wight. The white ropes tether the machine to the ground to restrict its movement. Just visible in the pictures are parts of the screen erected round the site. In a series of tests, each half an hour long, the hovercraft made three "flights," a foot off the ground.

A screen of secrecy surrounded the experimental hovercraft until its first public demonstration, but it was announced that the machine, named the S.R.N.1, had made a successful first flight. Its makers are Saunders-Roe, and its sponsors the National Research Development Corporation. On the third test it hovered for about half an hour a foot from the ground, without any guide ropes. Basically the craft consists of an oval body, about 30 ft. by 24 ft. On top is a circular fan duct, in which is mounted a fan, driven by a 450-h.p. aircraft piston engine, which forces air downward beneath the hovercraft to form a cushion on which the machine rides. Along two sides of the oval are mounted the horizontal ducts to provide the forward and backward controls. The pilot sits in a small cabin built in front of the circular central duct. Riding on its cushion of air, the hovercraft is designed to skim over water at a low height. One commercial purpose would be to provide a cross-Channel ferry.

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THE SIXTY-NINTH ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT EARLS COURT, LONDON: In a display by the 1st Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, the Battle of Quebec is fought all over again 200 years later. During the battle in 1759, Otways Regiment (35th Foot), now the Royal Sussex, fought on the right of the British Lines. Other displays in the Royal Tournament, which continues until June 20, include a field-gun display and a battle of nuclear submarines by the Royal Navy, a musical drive, displays by the R.A.F. and various competitions.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd—It used to be assumed that when a Premier has a private conversation with one of his chief colleagues, on a public or personal matter, no more of what passed between them becomes public property until they decide to release it. Nowadays we have come to put faith in the "Students of politics" and other prophets who appear to have secret means of hearing through walls and keyholes. Anyway, one leading newspaper was able to assure us on Monday of last week that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had been told by the Premier that he would be relieved of his onerous office, Summit or no Summit, if the Tories win the election. Some newspapers then forecast the Woolsack. The rest agreed that his services had been appreciated and that he would be found the most honourable possible post of less fearful strain in the next Tory Government. Living as we do in days when even monkeys and kings give riotous Press conferences, when Ministers' first priority duties are to an insistent and inquisitive democracy, to spill their inmost thoughts on TV, and when socialite young ladies tell the world that they are "expecting their first" almost as soon as they know that fact, it is not so odd that secrets between Cabinet colleagues should appear to receive so early a general release. Indeed, a Government *dementi* in Parliament is hardly enough to kill this particular story. The time may be nearer than we suppose when emergency Cabinet meetings will be televised in the interests of Government by the people for the people, and then the word Cabinet will return to its original Early Victorian (bowdlerised) meaning, and the People's Forum will serve better to describe the confidential deliberations of Ministers. As for Mr. Lloyd, he is—as Ministers go—a mere boy of fifty-five, a Q.C. and Master of Gray's Inn Bench, with a good war record behind him which left him a brigadier-general, G.S. Second Army. No doubt at all, his political career is by no means nearing its end. On that, probably the Premier and these editors are agreed.

Belgian Royal Family—It is a pity that King Baudouin, during the last three or four years, has not succeeded in finding a consort dear to his heart and acceptable to his people. He is not the first king in recent time to decide that without the advantages and comfort of a happy family life, the weight of a crown and the responsibility of sovereignty are alike hard to endure and it may be that when King Baudouin has the Palace of Laeken to himself, the weight of the crown may seem heavier still. For he is on the happiest terms with his father and stepmother and with his brother, whose wedding was recently an added cause of trouble between the Court and the people and Ministry. But the ideal wife—the perfect solution—is hard to find, not least in Belgium, where class prejudice and religious controversy are rampant and dividing. Fortunately, the present heir's marriage ceremony is now satisfactorily settled for all concerned. As for King Leopold, ever since 1939 he has been the victim of suspicion, rumour and belittlement, and it may be he will not be cleared of unjust stigmas until he is dead, for many authorities in many lands have upheld him in vain. It is difficult to accept that he still assumes even a small share in the Royal prerogative since his son became fully-fledged. More sovereigns have come to grief as a result of the shell-back reactionary advice of their own servants than through family influence, and if King Baudouin is judged by Belgians to be more expansive and friendly in the U.S.A. than in Belgium, the Belgians themselves of all classes and cliques and parties may well be a prime *cause* which compelled their young king to wear a mask and keep a guard on his tongue and freeze his natural spring of geniality. In welcoming him back so vociferously from America, the Belgian people seem to have admitted that possibility. The King is bored by protocol. His courtiers still foster it. His peoples want a smiling, approachable democratic king. But, it seems to me, even democratic monarchy should be spared the sort of Press conference go-as-you-please to which King Baudouin was subjected on his return.

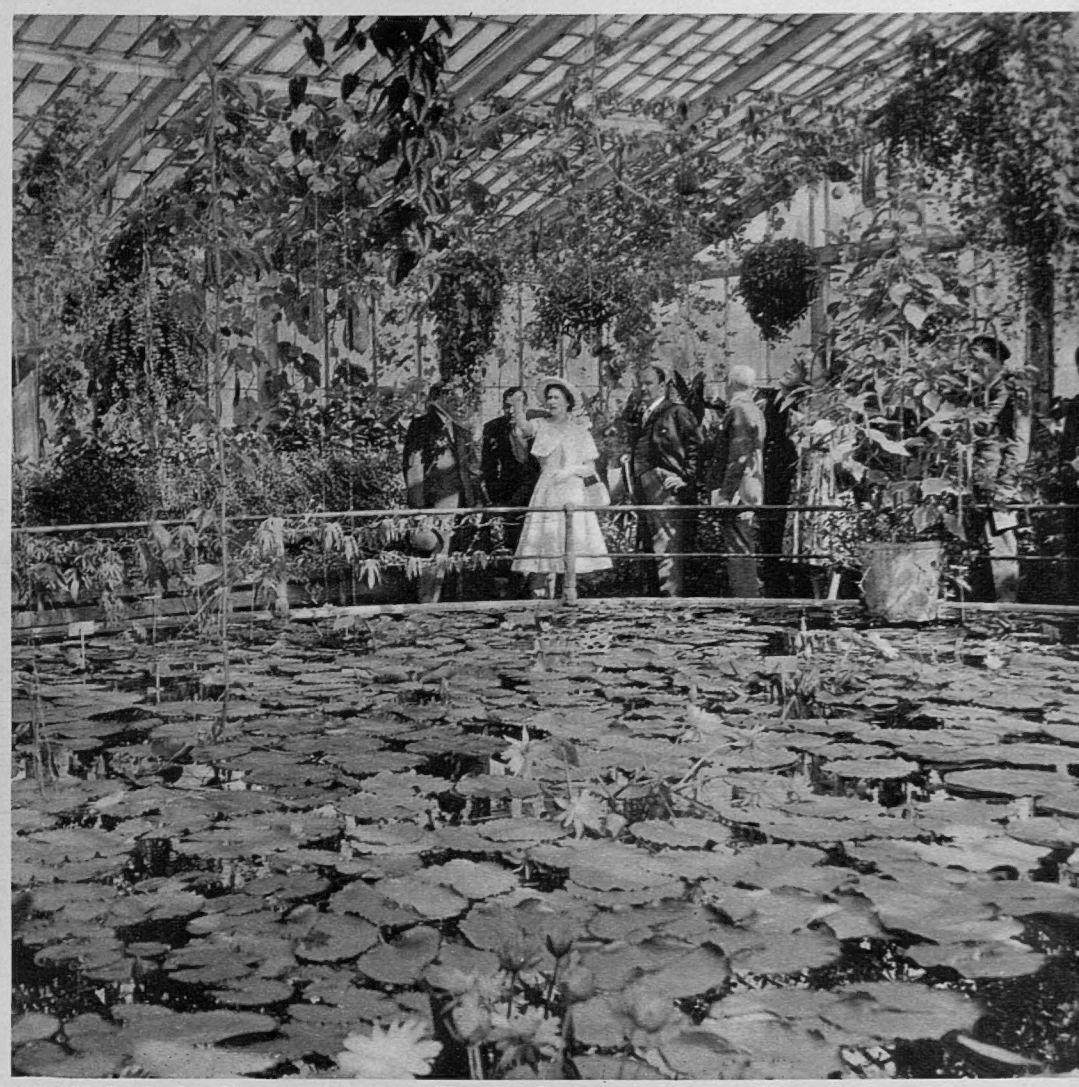
Two Came Back—It must have comforted the seven men who are training and waiting to be launched into space that two of their sad-faced grandads returned alive from such a visit and were rescued in the sea. If "primitive man" can do it, surely it will be a piece of cake for homo sapiens 1961, who, physically and mentally, runs faster, jumps higher and boasts more than any of the earlier generations in his family tree and regards himself as infinitely superior to his fathers and a peer of the Gods. That this 100 per cent. he-man of our day should stoop to safety-first and shelter behind his old ancestor seems to me to suggest that much of his boasts are bluff. It seems that before he risks his own invaluable life, he will risk the lives of lesser creatures at least twenty times. And one of these lesser creatures has already died for the cause. Perhaps some talking bird might be chosen for one of these experiments, to bring back a verbal message from space. "I learn," said the captain in *Treasure Island*, "we are going after treasure. The secret has been told to the parrot." "Silver's parrot?" asked the Squire. "It's a way of speaking," said the Captain; "It's my belief you gentlemen don't know what you are about, but I'll tell you my way of it—life or death and a close run." If the parrot came back with a message: "Keep out" or "no parking" or "house full," we might all get down to useful work at home on the earth. God knows there is enough to do, if our planet is to claim first-class-power status in the universe.

TO OUR READERS

There is, at the moment, a dispute in the printing industry which involves all newspapers and magazines, printed in Great Britain, other than national daily and Sunday newspapers and London evening newspapers. In common, therefore, with many others "The Sphere" is involved in this dispute. It is not unlikely that this and subsequent issues of "The Sphere" may be delayed in reaching the public. Every endeavour is being made to avoid this, but we must ask our readers' indulgence should lateness of delivery occur.

Work for 1/- a Week? Not——Likely—A man out of work told a reporter last week at Norwich: I could get a job at £7 a week, but after deductions that would mean £6 10s. My unemployment benefit and national assistance come to £6 6s. and because my wife is expecting we get about 3s. in milk tokens. That is £6 9s. . Would *you* work for 1s. a week?

Mr. Gaitskell had interviewed several of the unemployed at Norwich at this time but missed this young man. Of course, no "see for yourself" tour can cover all the ground or elicit every fact, but Mr. Gaitskell had learned enough, he believed, to give a promise that Labour, if elected, would increase unemployment benefits. He must have won several sure votes at Norwich, including our young man's. This is not a very rare instance of how the Welfare State can benefit the individual more than the nation, if you can call it a benefit to make it possible for a man with honest work to take up, to idle as a State pensioner. The lay magistrates all over the country receive constant proof of this attitude of mind and this fearful loophole in welfare legislation which corrupts the souls of men and burdens the taxpayer beyond reason, and often enough they hesitate to impose a reasonable fine for some misdemeanour, knowing that it will be paid out of the public purse. Public assistance is too lax in distinguishing between the man who cannot get work and the man who won't take work.



THE QUEEN AT KEW: *Left*—In the Palm House, recently reconstructed at a cost of £100,000, Dr. Taylor, Director of the Royal Botanical Gardens, explains a point to the Queen. On the left is Mr. John Hare, Minister of Agriculture. *Right*—The Queen indicates a display which has caught her eye in the Water Lily House at Kew. On the occasion of the bicentenary of the gardens, which was also the sixth anniversary of her Coronation, the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, attended a garden party at Kew.

Big Ben—A centenary not to be passed over is that of Big Ben, the voice of London since May 1859; since then, by easy stages, it has become the voice of the Commonwealth, of half Europe, of half the world. In times of mortal danger it has comforted and brought hope to millions in the shadow of slavery or death. In the outbacks of the Commonwealth, it nightly confirms a common heritage and citizenship. The voice of London should be an outsize bell, though it is a featherweight when compared with the Moscow giant of 128 tons and with the Peking bell of over 50 tons. Big Ben weighs but 13½ tons, but its sound travels further than the giants'. It was cast by George Mears in 1858 under direction of Mr. E. Beckett Denison, who was created Lord Grimthorpe. When John Timbs published his *Curiosities*, the great clock, made by Mr. Dent, Junior, from designs by Denison, received all the chronicler's superlatives. It cost £22,000 and was lit at night by gas at a cost of £500 a year. At that time, the great bell was still un-cast.

The Double White Line—On the A3 we have had a long apprenticeship to the double white line experiment and soon began to fear that, if it succeeded in preventing accidents, it would lead unnecessarily to long queues, for as the road is marked out along the fairly safe stretch between Liphook and Petersfield, the interruptions in the double line are far too short to enable even fast and careful drivers to pass slower vehicles before meeting the double line again. As for the slow and careful driver, he dare not risk passing a one-horse shay. Quite certainly when there is a fair amount of traffic on the road (let alone at week-ends) the double line keeps the rate of progress down to a maximum 40 m.p.h. The idea is good enough. It is too cautious implementation which threatens to make it abortive. The short section I have remarked on has many straight stretches of adequate length for progress to be made safely in a queue, but these have been nullified by unnecessary continuations of double white lines where a dotted line would be reasonable. It is up to local authorities to interpret the idea sensibly. Each will have its own theory of safety precaution. If they go too far in such caution, they will kill the plan before it is well tried out, by forgetting the past clean history of sections of their main roads and so fettering those stretches which once held a good record.

Glyndebourne—Mr. John Christie, who has now handed over a part of his responsibilities at Glyndebourne to the rising generation, can look back with satisfaction over the years since he was a master at Eton, famous for his independence, frankness and amusing eccentricities. Perhaps he missed even then the dreams which he has brought true. He did not in those days give away much of his inward thoughts and plans to his boys. Few of them would have foreseen that within a decade or two he would become a Prospero—a maker of music and magic which afford to thousands of ordinary men and women who live dullish, commonplace lives, a clear and memorable view through magic casements opening on fairylands. But so it is. There must be hundreds, thousands, of ordinary men and women who chalk up in their memories a very few immortal hours from which the colour never fades but glows with a light that never was on land and sea. For me one such hour would be my first visit to Glyndebourne on a fine, hot summer evening from the moment when the orchestra introduced to my unprepared ear that loveliest of songs "Voi che Sapete," to the moment when the audience streams out into the glories of an English garden in some foreign field of unexplored faery. *Et ego* in Arcadia. But Mr. Christie does better than Prospero. His charms are not o'erthrown. His cloud-capp'd towers leave not a rack, but a golden sunset, behind.

JOUSTING ARMOUR FOR THE TOWER: At Christie's, in London, a suit of foot jousting armour, made for the Elector Christian I of Saxony, is admired during the sale of arms and armour. The suit, which dates from 1591, was bought by The Tower Armouries for 3,400 guineas. It was made by Anton Pfeffenhauser.

Tax on Gossip—Fidel Castro, of Cuba, may have already done much good for Cuba. I am not well-informed in general on recent events in that country. But one measure which his Government has proposed has shocked Havana society to the core. He designs to impose a very severe tax on gossip columns in the society Press. A socialite who wants his (or her) name mentioned in such a column will be taxed 7s. 2d. if a commoner and £35 if "titled," and every flattering adjective describing that socialite will add 7s. 2d. to the tax. A small inset photograph will add £1 15s. to the tax which will be collected by the newspaper on the P.A.Y.E. principle. Thus, a high-born señora will not get her mention in columnist despatches under £40 a time. Havana, it seems, lives and breathes in this atmosphere of personal publicity, and social editors are in despair. We in Britain are perhaps not yet among the great American powers in this socialite publicity, but we are gaining ground every day; and, if this impious idea of Castro's should cross the Atlantic and hit London (as fashions from the Americas so often do), there will be wailing and gnashing among society editors and sad faces among the debs and smart young married women, not to add the city tycoons and pushing M.P.s, and many a columnist will have to switch his job to duller subjects and dreary facts.

"As Once in May"—May 1959 went out in a blaze of glory and perhaps presages a rare old English summer. Who knows? We may record gratitude for small mercies as they fall. The rainfall was negligible and an official drought was announced. The lack of moisture was hard on plants and shrubs whose heyday was *breve gaudium* and the lighter soils became like the sands of the sea before a strong wind, while the heavier soils were as brass beneath our feet. But the lighter soils endure drought better than the heavy and gave us the earliest crops of peas, beans, asparagus and strawberries. True, the cold winds were not so kind to northern fruit growers, though probably all of us benefited from the sunshine. County cricket owes a great debt to May 1959 which saved its declining appeal and finances, and the seaside towns reaped a good harvest from the remnant that had the patience to stay in the road queues. The weaker brethren abandoned the sea as a holiday objective and spread out over the commons and open spaces. Hence the calls on the firefighters. Hundreds of acres were devastated by heath fires which not only destroy heather and newly-planted trees, but greasy paper and other litter, and also expose the dumps of old bedsteads, tyres and kettles which nature tries to hide. Thus good comes out of bad and it is proper to remember May 1959 with gratitude and philosophy. It even brought us out of the doldrums with Christine Truman's resounding triumphs in international sport.

THE OLD STAGER

NORTH ATLANTIC CONGRESS

The Royal Opening of the Six-Day Conference in Westminster Hall

On right—

LISTENING TO THE QUEEN'S SPEECH: On the platform inside Westminster Hall at the opening of the six-day Atlantic Congress are, from left to right in the front row, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the Lord Great Chamberlain; Earl Attlee; General Norstad, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe; Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Defence; Viscount Alexander of Hillsborough (with behind, in black eye-patch, Mr. Lewis Douglas, a former American Ambassador to Britain); Senator McL. Robertson, of Canada, honorary life president of the Preparatory Committee; Lord Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations; Dr. J. A. H. Luns (Foreign Minister of the Netherlands); Viscount Kilmuir, the Lord High Chancellor; Mr. J. J. Fens, President of the NATO Parliamentarians' Conference. To the right of Prince Philip are Mr. Macmillan; Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Speaker of the House of Commons; M. Henri Spaak, Secretary-General of NATO; Mr. R. A. Butler; Mr. Gaitskell; Mr. Finn Moe, Chairman of the Norwegian Parliamentary Foreign Relations Committee; Mr. D. Ormsby-Gore, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs; Admiral J. Wright, U.S.N., Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic; Sir Thomas Dugdale, Chairman of the U.K. National Committee, and Mr. H. Molson, Minister of Works.

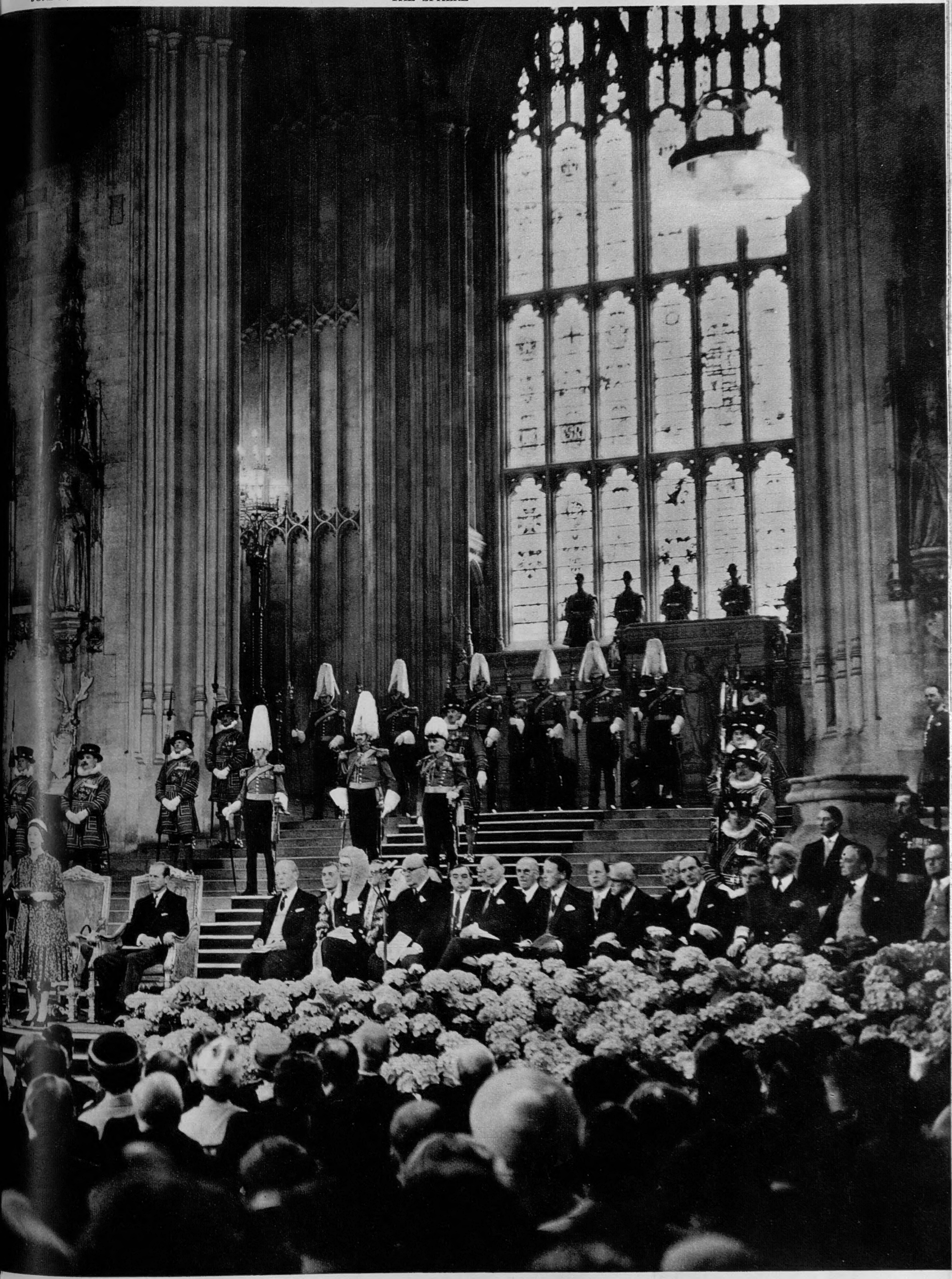
The Atlantic Congress, opened by the Queen in a brief but impressive ceremony, was the main event in the celebrations of the tenth anniversary of NATO. Nearly 700 delegates from fourteen of the fifteen member countries of the Organisation attended the gathering in Westminster Hall in London. Because of the fishing dispute with Great Britain, there were no Icelandic representatives at the Congress. Queen Elizabeth emphasised that the Atlantic community was something more profound than a formal agreement between Governments, and was the first real effort to give practical form to a growing desire of the peoples of all parts of the world to work more closely together for their mutual security and benefit.

As the main committees met to discuss the problems inside the Organisation and its relations to Asia and to the Communist bloc, two main themes developed. The military working papers submitted discussed the next ten years on the basis that a great war could be averted, provided always that the Western defensive shield remained strong and coherent. But it was pointed out that although the balance of nuclear deterrents between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. may make a full-scale nuclear war unlikely, it has led other Continental countries to wish to develop their own atomic weapons. (France's recent decision to do this is a case in point.) In this situation, the question arose of how strategy and command may be kept unified.

Behind the questions of military strategy lay the broader economic issues of the next ten years. How can the Western Powers best help the uncommitted and under-developed peoples of Africa and Asia, for long acknowledged to possess a casting vote in the rivalry between the West and the Communist bloc? Advance in industrial techniques has tended to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. As the populations of the Asian countries have grown, so there have not been increased resources to feed and clothe them. Suggestions have been made that NATO should itself provide aid, but papers before the Congress have rejected this argument. In general they declared that the grants or loans should be given by individual nations, after joint consultations or through international organs such as the World Bank and the U.N. nations.

In discussing the next ten years of NATO, speakers emphasised these economic problems; it was suggested that the Atlantic powers should agree to establish a target rate of expansion, 3 or 4 per cent. per year, in the income of the free world. Although there were suggestions of institutional changes within the Organisation, it seemed that the main purpose of NATO was the increasing influence of the members of the Congress on national policy.

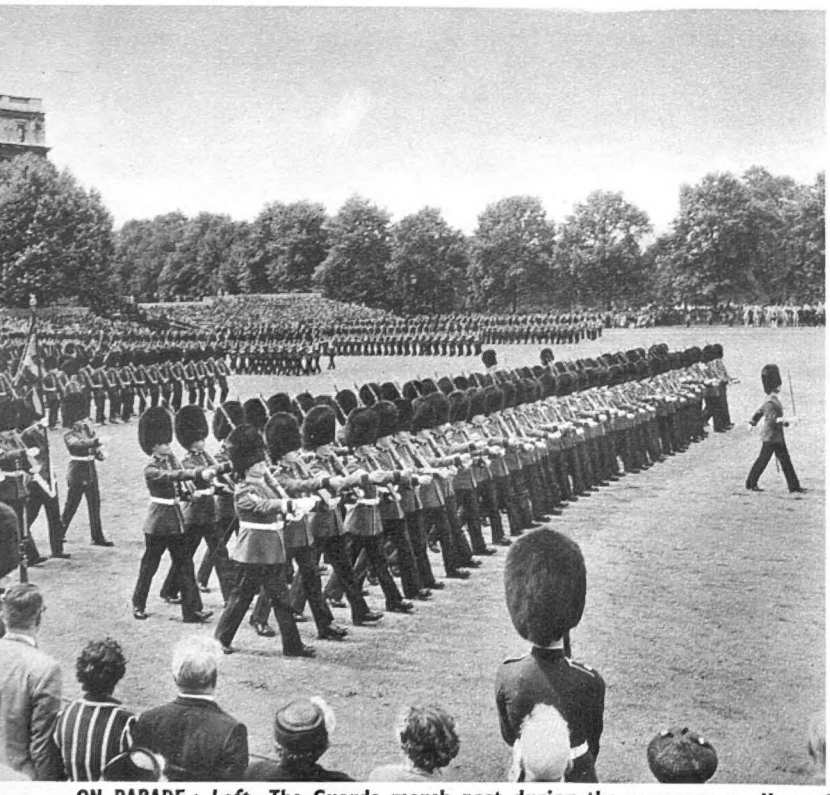
OPENING THE CONGRESS: The Queen addresses the delegates to the Congress which marks NATO'S tenth birthday. Extreme left is Lord Kilmuir and next to him, Mr. Spens.

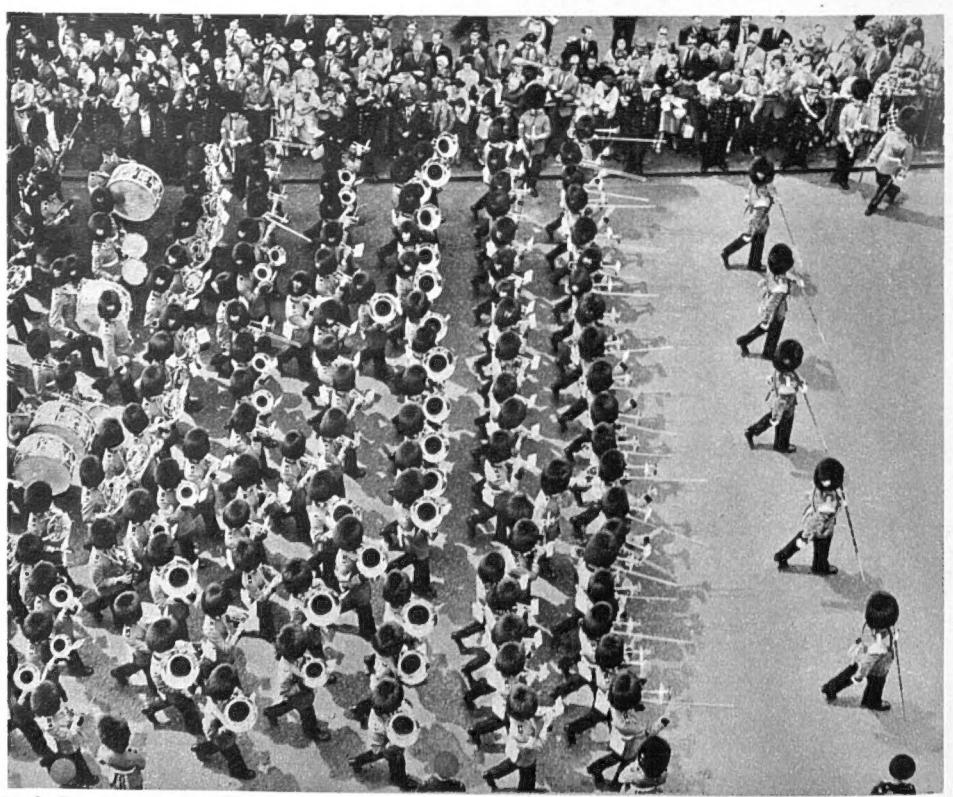


TROOPING THE COLOUR

The Final Rehearsal for To-day's Ceremony on The Horse Guards Parade

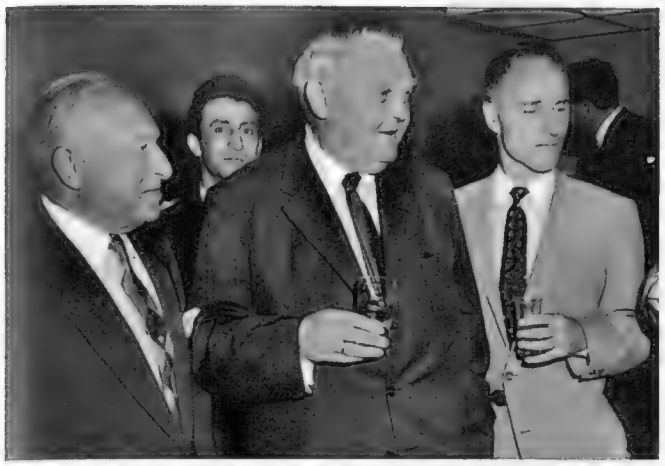
TRADITIONAL PAGEANTRY ON LONDON'S HORSE GUARDS PARADE: The general view, taken from the top of the Admiralty building in Whitehall, shows the Foot Guards marching past the saluting base during the final rehearsal for to-day's ceremony of Trooping the Colour to celebrate the Queen's Official Birthday. To-day (Saturday) the Queen, who will be accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, will take the salute as the Guards march past in column in both slow and quick time. This year the Colour being trooped is that of the 3rd Battalion, Coldstream Guards. On arrival at the Horse Guards the Sovereign rides past the assembled Guards and then goes to the saluting base. Later, she leads the procession back to Buckingham Palace, where she takes the final salute from the forecourt



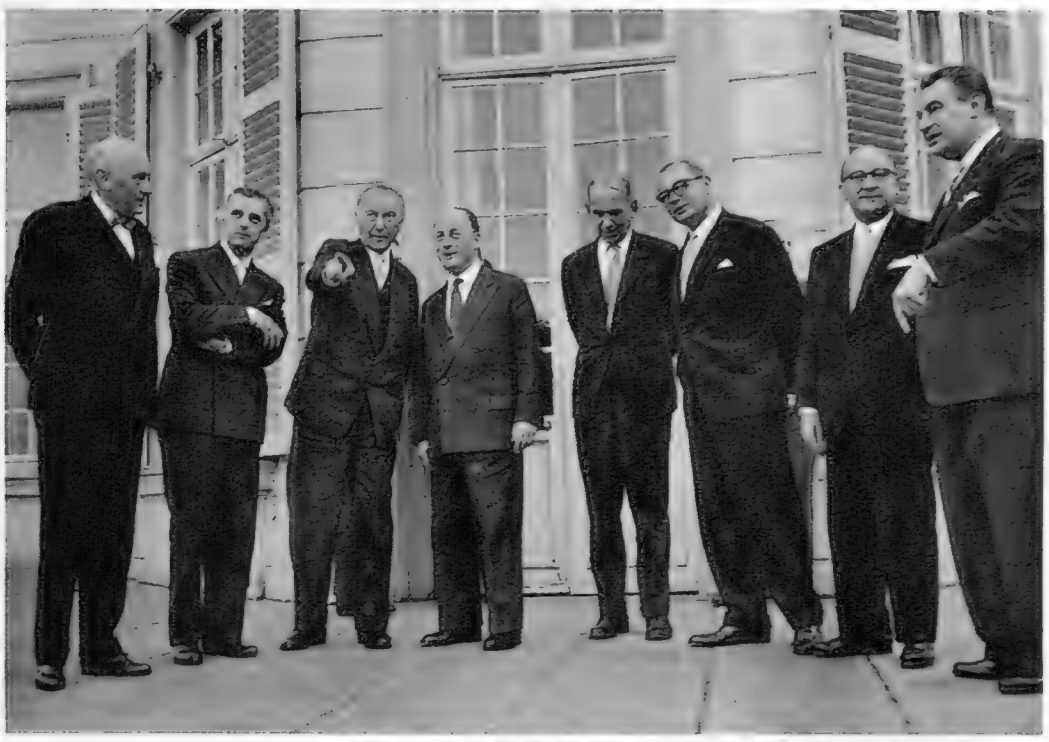


ON PARADE : *Left*—The Guards march past during the ceremony on Horse Guards Parade. *Right*—The massed bands take part in the procession to the Palace. Thousands of people, including the Prime Minister, watched the final rehearsal. This is the first year that the ceremony is being held on Saturday; in previous years it has taken place on Thursdays. In the event of bad weather, the ceremony, which has been arranged for eleven o'clock, will be postponed and, if possible, held at three o'clock.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE GERMAN VICE-CHANCELLOR IN NEW YORK: Dr. Erhard is flanked by Mr. A. Smadbeck, President of the Coliseum Exhibition Corporation (left), and Mr. H. G. Sloane, the managing director of the New York Coliseum, during a reception before visiting the World Petroleum Congress in the Coliseum. At the same time as Dr. Erhard was in the United States, Dr. Adenauer suddenly announced that he did not wish to stand as Christian Democrat candidate for the post of President; he intended to continue in office as Chancellor. When Dr. Adenauer decided two months ago to relinquish the Chancellorship, a decision now rather unexpectedly reversed, there were many speculations as to his successor. The popular choice of the Christian Democrats appeared to be Dr. Erhard.



THE EURATOM COMMISSION IN BONN: Standing on the steps of the West German Chancellery are, from left, the West German Ambassador to Brussels, Herr Ophuels; Signor Medi from Italy; the West German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer; the President of Euratom, M. Etienne Hirsch; M. de Groote, from Belgium; Herr Krekeler, former West German Ambassador to Washington; the West German Minister for Atomic Affairs, Herr Balke; and M. Sassen, from the Netherlands. The members of the Commission were paying a five-day official visit to West Germany to inspect atomic plants and installations.

THE BARRIERS REMOVED: West German civilians and officials look across the frontier zone between East and West Germany, near Lubeck. The road in the background was built by East German workers. On the previous night, East German police unexpectedly removed barbed-wire barriers on this section of the Iron Curtain. The reason for this was not known, but was thought possibly to have a connection with a visit to the area by West German diplomats.

On right—

M. SOUSTELLE AT DOWNING STREET: The French Minister responsible for the Sahara and atomic energy leaves No. 10, accompanied by M. Chauvel, the French Ambassador to London (right). M. Soustelle spent half an hour with Mr. Macmillan. At a private meeting of the Franco-British Parliamentary Committee, he asserted France's intention to possess atom bombs, and for this reason French tests in the Sahara were to go ahead. Even if the Geneva negotiations managed to bring tests to an end, France would not be content with a situation in which the U.S., Britain, and the U.S.S.R. possessed the bombs while she did not.

On left—

BAN ON AN AFRICAN CHIEF: Chief Albert Luthuli, President of the African National Congress, is seen in the Congress's volunteer uniform. He was forbidden by Mr. Swart, the South African Minister of Justice, to attend public meetings or to leave his home district in Natal. Mr. Swart, on being questioned about this, refused to disclose his reasons for the ban.

A NEW POLITICAL PARTY IN CYPRUS: Greek Cypriots parade round the stadium in Nicosia during a three-day rally and youth festival of the Right-Wing Edma Party. Thousands of Greek Cypriots entered the stadium to listen to the public proclamation of the programme of the new party. Throughout the week-end speeches and messages from Archbishop Makarios and General Grivas were broadcast to crowds in the streets by loudspeaker vans. To many observers the keynote appeared a militant Hellenism, and there seems little doubt that Edma is essentially EOKA in a political form. In a booklet outlining its political programme, Edma declared: "We are Greeks by descent and conscience, and shall remain under the new Cyprus Republic attached to the ideals and way of life of our motherland."

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

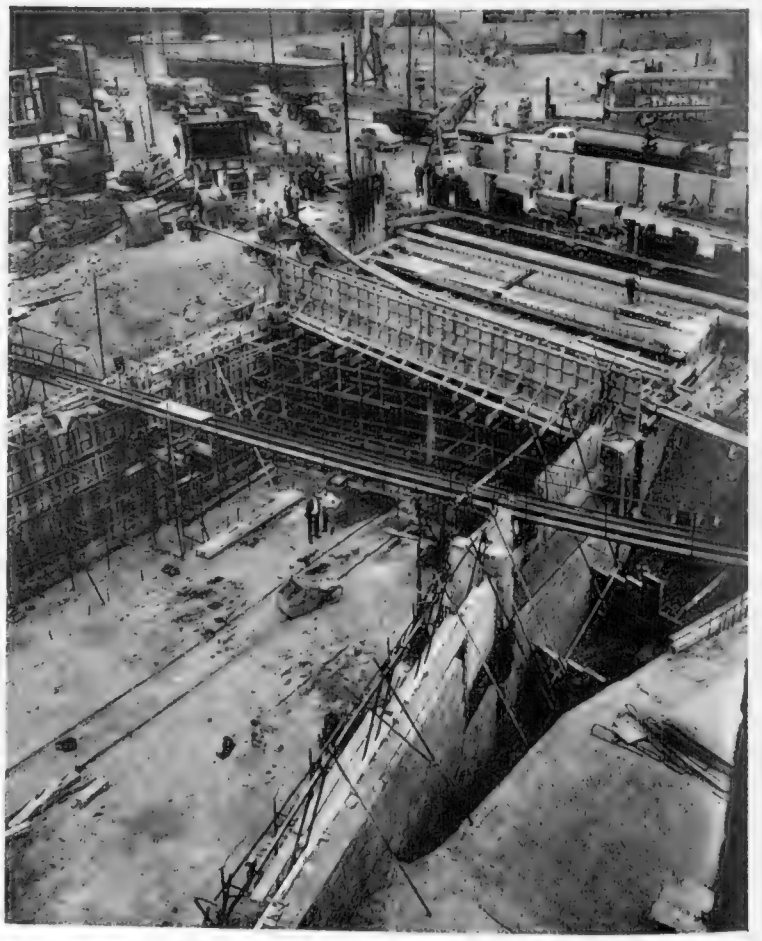
BRILLIANT SUNSHINE FOR THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON: A general view of the scene in Weston's Yard last week during the calling of "Absence," which was watched by friends and relations of the boys. Celebrations for the day followed the traditional pattern. There were speeches in Upper School; a cricket match on Agar's Plough; the afternoon procession of boats, and the firework display in the evening.

ROYAL GUESTS AT ETON: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are seen in the College grounds with their sons Prince William (right) and Prince Richard during the celebrations on the Fourth of June.

On right—

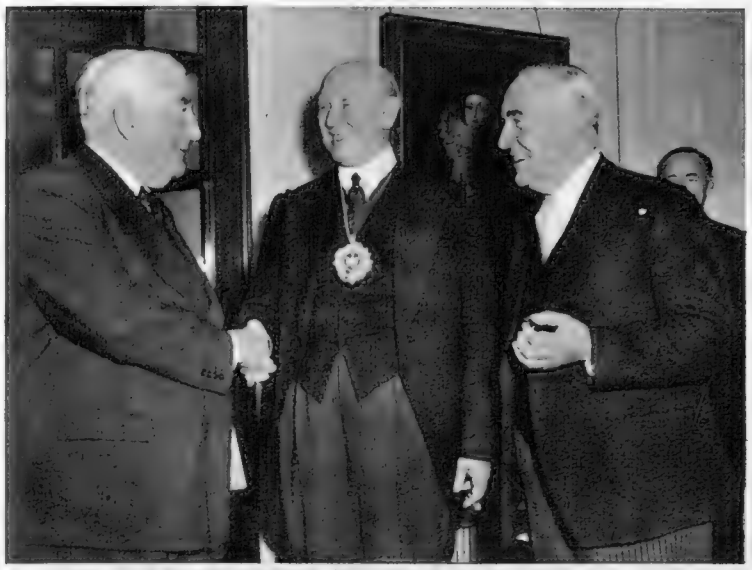
THE MOSCOW STATE CIRCUS IN LONDON: Holding bouquets, the three Koch sisters smile as they stand with Johnny Hutch, the British clown, who presented the flowers to the artists on their arrival at London Airport. The Koch sisters perform a daring aerial act, entitled "Out of this World." The season of the Moscow State Circus opened last Saturday with a gala performance at Wembley, where it will play for six weeks. It is the first of the cultural visits by Russians to this country discussed by Mr. Macmillan on his visit to Moscow. Heading the cast is Kio, a magician who employs in his act thirty other people and several animals. Cossack horsemen and acrobats are also included.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE WEST INDIES FEDERATION IN LONDON: Sir Grantley Adams steps from a B.O.A.C. airliner at London Airport. Arriving on Wednesday of last week, the West Indies Premier is in London for the conference on the Leeward and Windward Islands at Lancaster House on June 15. At the conference, improvements of the Constitution of the islands will be discussed.



BLACKWALL TUNNEL IMPROVEMENTS: A group of men walk down to inspect the progress being made on the northern approach to the Blackwall Tunnel at Poplar, East London. The foundations of the block of flats on the left had to be strengthened while excavation work was in progress. *Right*—Scaffolding stands at the entrance to the underpass which carries the approach beneath East India Dock Road. The approach, which was started in May of last year and which is scheduled to be completed next spring, is being built to eliminate the traffic bottleneck at the entrance to the East India Docks. This is the first stage in the Blackwall Tunnel scheme. The second envisages the building of a completely new tunnel running parallel with the existing one. There will be one-way traffic through each. Work on the new tunnel is expected to begin at the end of this year.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER AT MANSION HOUSE: Mr. Menzies is greeted by Sir Harold Gillett, the Lord Mayor, on his arrival at Mansion House for a luncheon given in his honour. On the right is Sir Eric Harrison, the Australian High Commissioner. Mr. Menzies arrived in this country on Monday of last week from the United States, where he had been attending the funeral of Mr. Dulles. The Australian Prime Minister had luncheon with the Queen on the following day and has had informal talks with Mr. Macmillan and Cabinet Ministers.

KING OLAF OF NORWAY MEETS THE GREEN HOWARDS: The Colonel-in-Chief of the famous Yorkshire regiment, King Olaf leaves the parish church of Richmond, Yorkshire, after unveiling a memorial to his father, King Haakon, who was the previous Colonel-in-Chief. Extreme left is the Archbishop of York, Dr. Ramsey. King Olaf took advantage of a private visit to Britain to meet his regiment for the first time. Addressing the regiment, he said that the connection between that part of England and Norway was very close.

A TAKE-OVER BID FOR WATNEY MANN: Mr. Charles Clore, whose company, Sears Holdings, made a £20,000,000 offer for the Watney Mann ordinary shares, sits at his desk in his office in London. The Board of the very large brewery group flatly refused the offer, which, they made clear, had taken them entirely by surprise. Mr. Clore refused to comment until a detailed statement was issued by the Watney Mann Board, but a spokesman for Sears Holdings outlined plans for modernising "antiquated" public houses and other redevelopments.

On left—

A BREWERY MERGER: Drinking each other's health at the Savoy Hotel, in London, are Lieut.-Colonel W. Kingsmill, Chairman of Taylor Walker (left), and Mr. E. Thompson, Chairman of Ind Coope. The occasion was the announcement of the merger of the two groups in one of the largest brewery deals since the war. Discussing Ind Coope's share offer, Mr. Thompson said it would give his group a much larger interest in the London area, but he expected relatively few redevelopments of public houses.

COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY OF BIG BEN: Mr. Macmillan watches the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. W. S. Morrison, present the Minister of Works, Mr. Hugh Molson, with a wooden replica of an inscription to be carved on the clock tower to celebrate Big Ben's centenary. Many of those attending the ceremony were still speculating over the controversy caused by an article in *The Times* discussing Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's future and his possible retirement from the post of Foreign Secretary in a few months. In the House of Commons, Mr. Macmillan went out of his way to stress his hopes of working with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd for a long time to come.

MR. CLEMENT DAVIES HONOURED: Earl Attlee, who is honorary President of the World Parliamentary Association, talks to Mr. Clement Davies at a luncheon given by the Association to mark his "thirty years' parliamentary work for world peace under world law." Mr. Davies, who is President of the Association, said that "peace to-day is really being maintained by mutual terror." M. Robert Buron, French Minister of Public Works, proposed the toast to Mr. Davies and Earl Attlee presented him with a terrestrial globe. He said, "Here is what you are trying to unite."

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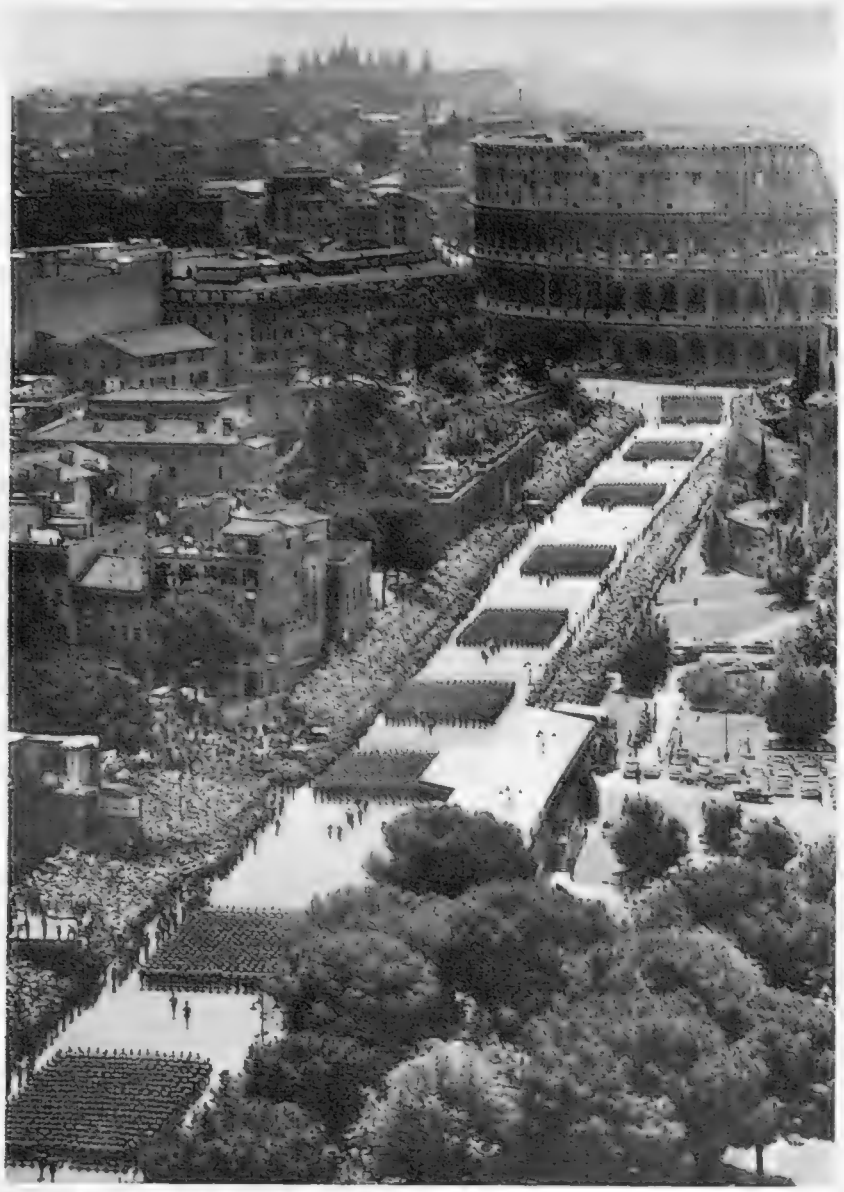
THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC: Armed forces march in the parade down the Via dei Fori Imperiali. In the background is the Colosseum. Some 9,000 troops and ballistic weapons detachments were reviewed by President Gronchi.

A PARADE OF ARMED FORCES IN ROME: Tanks rumble down the Via dei Fori Imperiali during the march-past celebrating the anniversary of the Italian Republic. For the first time Honest John missiles, made in the United States, participated in the parade. After a referendum was held throughout Italy in 1946, the Constituent Assembly approved the new Constitution at the end of 1947. Last week there was much controversy in Rome over the Mayor's refusal of any civic celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the city's liberation.

A DEMONSTRATION IN THE CAPITAL OF PERU: Wielding clubs, police charge bank clerks on strike at Lima. Reports from America stated that the police used tear gas to disperse hundreds of clerks who were attempting to enter the banks to demand pay for the fifty-four days of walkout strike which had ended officially the day before. But it appeared to be still in progress. The Federation of Bank Workers was alleged to be dominated by Communist supporters and received no support from the rest of the unions.

RECEIVING HER FIRST COMMUNION: In a white habit, Minou Drouet, the twelve-year-old French poetess, kneels at the Circo Panoviano Chapel, in Milan, to receive her first Communion. She became famous some years ago with the publication of a small volume of verses, over the authorship of which fierce controversy raged in French literary circles; in some quarters it was alleged that the verse was not, in fact, written by her. She attended Communion accompanied by a friend, Massimo Barbieri, who is also twelve years old and who is thought in Italy a child prodigy as a pianist.

A VILLAGE NAMED AFTER ANNE FRANK: Otto Frank, father of the girl who died in a German concentration camp, talks to pupils of the Anne Frank School in Düsseldorf, during a ceremony at Wuppertal, in Germany, to mark the founding of a new village for stateless refugees. The sixth of the villages, which owe their existence to the Belgian priest, Father Pire, it was named after the girl who died at the age of sixteen and whose diary has been published all over the world. The site was given by the town of Wuppertal and a delegation from the Belgian towns of Eupen and Malmedy gave a cheque for a quarter of the cost.

World Affairs

ON THE WAY OUT IN SINGAPORE

By JOHN CONNELL

IT was difficult to find anyone with knowledge in these matters who, before the General Election in Singapore, would prophesy any other result than a victory for the People's Action Party, led by Lee Kuan Yew. When the result was declared at the beginning of last week that is exactly what it was—a big swingeing triumph for the People's Action Party and Lee Kuan Yew. If all political crystal-gazing could be as easy and as accurate, it would put the hardened sceptics, such as myself, clean out of business. The kind of result in which I take a mordant pleasure is one in which the sample-takers are immediately compelled to issue laborious explanations of the inner meaning of their percentages, the prophets are confounded, and faith in the secrecy and unpredictability of the ballot-box is confirmed.

Such a result was not achieved in Singapore. All is as was confidently predicted. The irony, the disillusionment, and (in a sombre way) the fun will come later. The new Constitution is in force, Lee Kuan Yew is Prime Minister. It is significant that he made it clear he would only accept the task of forming an administration if the Governor (who is now undergoing a metamorphosis into a quite different sort of personage) gave an undertaking that a few of P.A.P.'s more flagrantly subversive members, who had been in detention since 1956, were to be released.

This, of course, is in full accordance with what is now prescribed ritual for the transference of power in formerly dependent territories. To omit it would be to offend experts in these matters and to break the pattern. The outgoing authority has to be humiliated, has publicly to lose face, and the Party on the way in has to have its heroes and martyrs, to be fêted, garlanded, acclaimed at public banquets, and thrust rapidly and ruthlessly aside when the real scramble for jobs, for power and its perquisites, sets in.

Singapore shows every sign of following the familiar pattern. Lee Kuan Yew is, after all, a lawyer who was educated at Cambridge—Panditji, Panditji, how do you do? He is fluent, self-assertive, brave and tough; he wanted power and he has got it, easily and quickly. He has achieved it, characteristically, by combining fiercely extremist public poses and slogans with, in private, an attitude of shrewd, candid realism, of the kind which Colonial Office mandarins, roving journalists, fault-finding M.P.s and businessmen always find so attractive and persuasive. During the fourteen years which it has taken to liquidate a large part of what was once known as the British Empire, I have collected some of the fruitier examples of this kind of double-talk—with the feeling, I must admit, of a man buying wreaths for his own funeral.

But a richer one has seldom come my way than the *Observer's* report of the election results. As a piece of *Schadenfreude* it could hardly be bettered. It began by describing Singapore as the "strategic pivot of Britain's defence system in the East," and went on to quote Lee Kuan Yew's "victory statement": "To-night is the night of liberation of the poor. The people's verdict is decisive. Nothing more can be added. It is the victory of right over wrong, clean over dirty, righteousness over evil."

But in case anyone should be foolish enough to answer that these rousing, if rather priggish and repetitive, sentences had any meaning at all, the *Observer's* correspondent in Singapore went on to explain that "objective experts were pointing out that the vengeful anti-colonial tone adopted during the election campaign by the P.A.P. was understandable in a party whose strategy in the struggle against extremists consisted in trying to win over just those under-privileged sections of society which were attracted to Communism. It did not necessarily indicate accurately the behaviour of a P.A.P. Cabinet which, to ensure Singapore's survival, must come to terms with the British, the Conservative Government in the Federation of Malaya, and the private enterprise on which this *entrepôt* depends largely."

The shameless cynicism of this analysis did not, I am happy to think, pass quite unnoticed. Asians are not, in matters of morality, either quite so gullible or quite so sophisticated as these anonymous "objective experts" would appear to believe. If the difference between the Communists and the People's Action Party is merely that the Communists mean what they say and the People's Action Party were only uttering slogans in order to get votes, then in the end the Communists will win, and it will be the pedlars of glib lies who will have permitted them to win.

For Singapore to go Communist would be a disaster, I know—as grievous a disaster as when it was captured and occupied by the Japanese seventeen years ago. Singapore has a special significance for the British people, emotional and symbolical as much as practical. To my generation in our youth it was part of the vast, subtly mixed inheritance of nineteenth-century glory and achievement. It had its place in the spacious landscape of which we thought ourselves the undisputed heirs—"Land of Hope and Glory," the Grand Fleet moving majestically out from Scapa, the Union Jack fluttering bravely against the blue of the sky, Bernard Partridge's cartoons, Gibraltar and our sailor-King. It was Conrad and Maugham, and a little later it was Noël Coward being wicked and witty.

This sentimental image of Singapore was a poster-size enlargement, not a travesty, of the original. It bore a genuine relation to the truth, which was that Singapore (and it was far from unique in this) was entirely the creation of the British. It was and is a magnificent, if somewhat belated, example of the constructive capability of the British in their 200 years of overseas expansion. As Calcutta, to my mind, always bore the stamp of the eighteenth century (a rather Scotch eighteenth century, I admit), and Bombay of the nineteenth, with its Victoria Railway Station and the familiar old frontage of the Army and Navy Stores, so Singapore carried the heavy, florid stamp of the early twentieth century—Aldwych and Kingsway and the rebuilt Regent Street set in a big, hot, moist garden suburb, abounding in golf courses and fine detached residences in their own grounds.

THE KEY FIGURE IN SINGAPORE: During a tour of his constituency, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew is surrounded by his supporters. To no one's surprise, his party, the People's Action Party, won a sweeping victory in the recent elections. Asked to be Prime Minister, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew said the party would not take office until eight political detainees were released. Agreement was reached on this point and the Governor of Singapore issued a proclamation bringing the new Constitution into force. This was enthusiastically celebrated on the island.

The events of 1942 repainted the picture in dark and tragic colours, and since the end of the Second World War Singapore has presented, in a sharply convenient compass, all the major political, social and ethical problems which have been created by the abdication of an empire. These are not solved by the complicated processes of the transference of power which the Colonial Office has evolved, which—in spite of a great deal of very grim evidence to the contrary—it regards not merely as satisfactory, but as incapable of improvement.

The most stubbornly repetitive of these issues is that of bases. Has no objective expert yet discovered that there may be a significant connection between, on the one hand, the emergence of an intransigent, anti-colonialist, extreme nationalist movement, and the existence of a base—or bases—which the British Government's defence advisers believe to be of paramount importance? Was it simply a melancholy coincidence that, on the day that Lee Kuan Yew's victory was announced, the last British ground forces left Habbaniya, in Iraq? Habbaniya, in its way, was once just as vital as Singapore—or as Suez, or Gibraltar, or Malta, or Cyprus or Aden. Men fought and died, eighteen years ago, to hold Habbaniya; and now who would not hasten to agree with T. E. Lawrence's observation that "all our subject provinces were to me not worth one dead Englishman"?

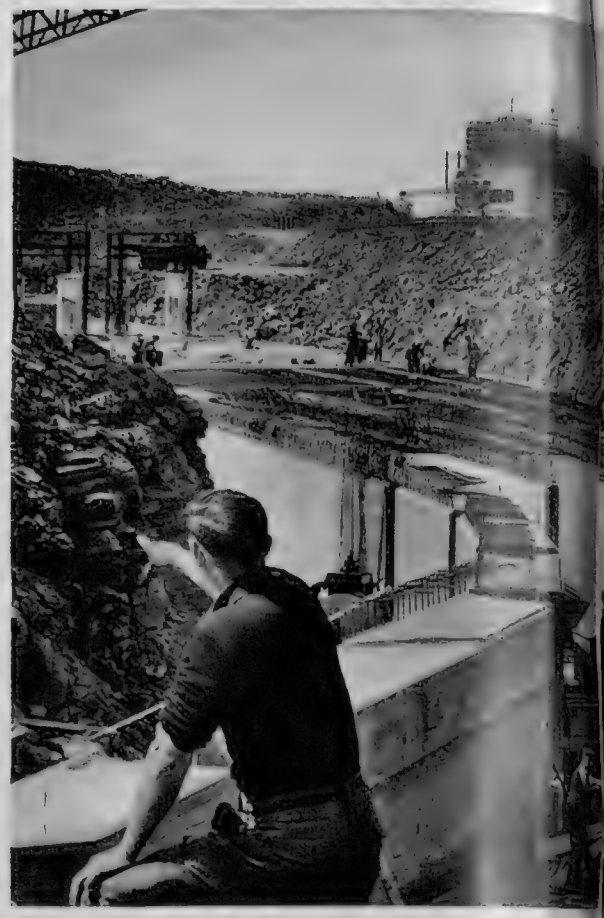
That is the measure of the mental and emotional journey which we have travelled in my lifetime. But there remains, in each of these withdrawals and transferences of political power, the problem of the base. Is the theory of the retention of bases founded on practical, strategic considerations, or is it a manifestation of a sentimental hankering after a vanished power, a lost prestige? If it is sentimentality, it has been an extremely expensive indulgence. It would be interesting to calculate—a sagacious friend of mine is doing it, as a matter of fact, and I am encouraging him to publish the results of his study—the millions upon millions of public money that have been expended, and lost, in support of this theory of the retention of bases. As the contractors move in, as the barracks, the offices, the Naafi canteens and the cinemas and the married quarters are built, so outside the perimeter wire nationalist fever and fury increase. In Egypt, for example, the British Army moved out from the Garden City in Cairo and the Kasr-el-Nil barracks and the Gezira swimming-pool to Fayyid, in the Suez Canal Zone. And where is the Suez Canal Zone base now?

All the base facilities which had been so expensively built in the Suez Canal Zone—the airfield runways, the communications equipment, the armouries and the arsenals—were all reproduced just as expensively in Cyprus, which of all the so-called strategic bases on which we have ever settled seems to me the most useless and the most impossible to justify. And in Cyprus now the Archbishop smiles and smiles, and who in his heart, I wonder, really believes that those enormous, costly installations will, in a few years' time, be worth any more to us than the Canal Zone or Habbaniya? Malta supplies an ironic variation on this dismal theme. There the decision to liquidate a large, out-dated naval base has produced bitter denunciations of British selfishness and lack of concern for Maltese interests.

To contemplate developments in Aden and in the Maldive Islands is to realise, with sad wonder, how far this obstinate folly about bases can carry us. In the 'thirties, when Winston Churchill protested hotly against the cession of the naval bases permitted to us in Eire under the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921, he was talking in completely realistic terms. The cost of that piece of feeble-minded folly was to be counted, only a few years later, in the number of lives which were lost in the Battle of the Atlantic. But the strategy of the 'sixties can bear no relation at all to the strategy of the 'thirties.

Singapore's futility as a "strategic pivot" was amply and tragically demonstrated in 1942. Do those great guns, I have often asked myself, still point their muzzles seaward, with no landward traverse at all? Are they still the symbol of short-sighted extravagance? The new Constitution provides for the retention of the base: Lee Kuan Yew looks forward to the disappearance of the base in anything from five to twenty years. To him and to those he leads it is an affront, an outward and visible sign of inferior status. He does not care a rap for our strategic necessity; and until we get that into our heads our understanding of the true facts about Singapore is limited.

HINKLEY POINT: Scaffolding surrounds the completed shield of the Number 1 reactor at the Hinkley Point Atomic Power Station, in Somerset. The plinth in front of the structure is for the steam-raising units, and the steel framework will contain the control, gas examination and other ancillary rooms. In the background is the partially completed Number 2 reactor.



ATOMIC POWER STATION IN SOMERSET: At Hinkley Point, main outfall, which will be used to discharge to the sea condensers. Construction on the station—the largest nuclear

BRITISH NUCLEAR POWER STATIONS

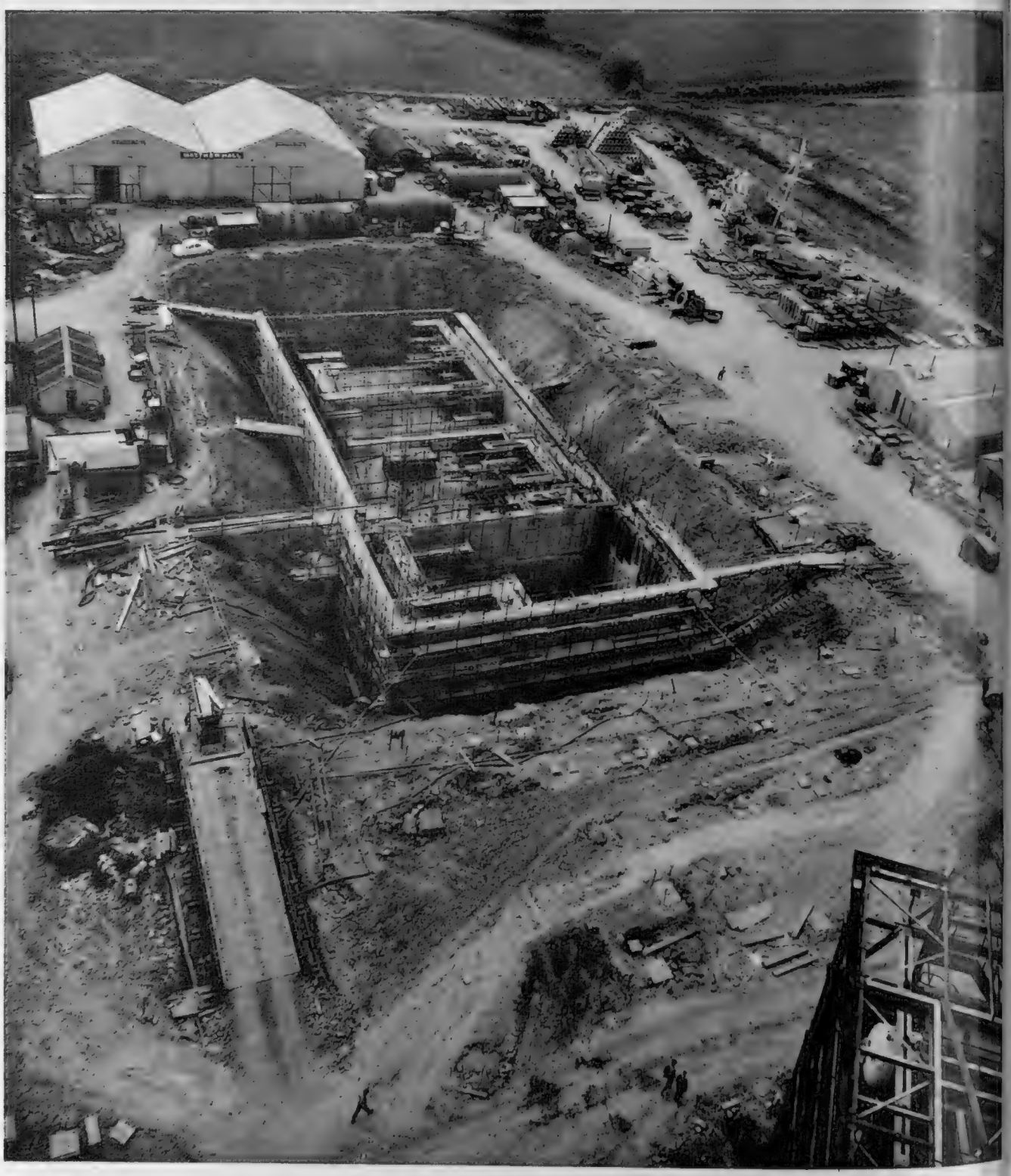
Work at Hinkley Point and Berkeley

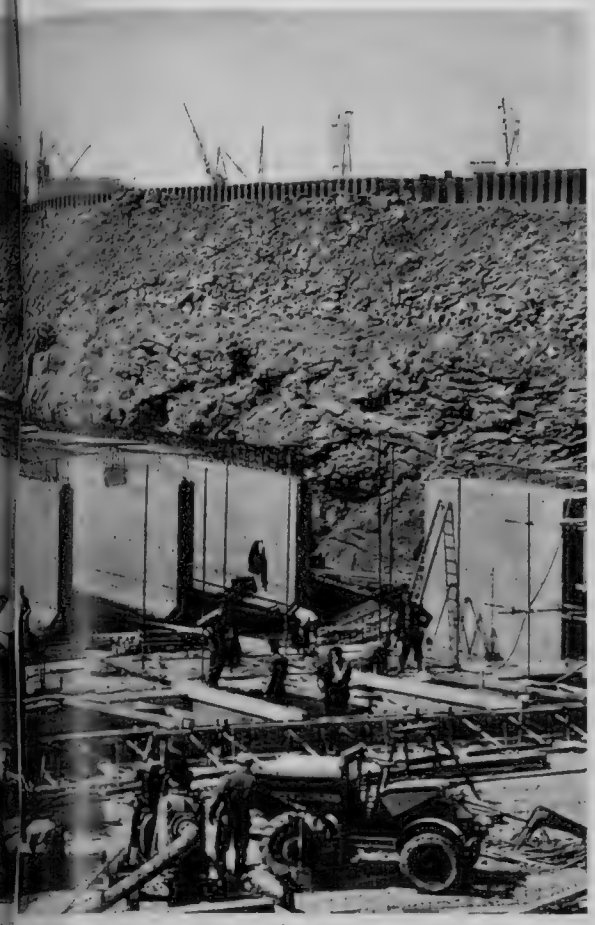
When Chapel Cross nuclear power station opened recently it became the fifth such station in the world. After Calder Hall started as the world's first full-sized nuclear power station to generate electricity for sale commercially, the Americans had one commissioned at Shippingport, the Russians one in Siberia, and the French one at Marcoule, in Avignon. Although these five power stations all generate electricity, none of them are, in fact, commercial installations. Primarily they were built for military purposes.

But under construction for the British Central Electricity Generating Board are several stations designed to produce electricity for the National Grid. It is estimated that atomic stations will generate in 1967 some 6,000 megawatts, about 25 per cent. of the country's electricity. The largest of these stations is the one at Hinkley Point, in Somerset, designed to produce 500 megawatts net output. Started in 1957, it is due to be completed in 1962. Scheduled to be finished a little earlier is the Berkeley station, in Gloucestershire, with an output of 300 megawatts. In all throughout the country some 1,400 megawatts of capacity are under construction—about a quarter of the programme.

On right—

AT BERKELEY: Being built below ground-level is the "mortuary" to contain used fuel elements. Heat will be provided at the power station from two huge reactors, which employ as their fuel elements uranium rods sheathed in magnesium alloy.





progress is advanced in the construction of the ducts of the the 35,000,000 gallons per hour of water used to cool the power station in the world—started in December 1957.

NUCLEAR POWER STATION IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Under construction at the Berkeley Atomic Power Station is the turbine hall. In the left foreground are the steam pipes linking the reactors' heat-exchangers to the turbines. Being built at a cost estimated of between £30,000,000 and £40,000,000, the Berkeley station is scheduled to be completed in 1960-61.

THE SIZE AND COMPLEXITY OF AN ATOMIC POWER STATION: Giant cranes are used to hoist into position parts of the Number 1 reactor at Berkeley. Four of the reactor's eight heat exchangers are seen in place. Each of the two reactors will have its eight boiler units grouped round it. Steam from the boilers will drive four turbo-generators of more than 80,000 kW. capacity. Berkeley, under construction for the British Central Electricity Generating Board, will be controlled from one centrally-situated monitor room.

BELGIANS WELCOME THEIR KING

Enthusiastic Crowds at the Homecoming of King Baudouin

Any fears that the popularity of King Baudouin might have suffered because of the disputes in which the Belgian Court has been involved were dispelled by the enthusiastic welcome given him on his return from the United States. Thousands of cheering people lined the 12-mile route from the airport to the Laeken Palace, and in some places the barriers were broken and the King's car surrounded. First to greet him at the airport was his father. It had been stated earlier that King Leopold, who recently announced his willingness to move from the Royal Palace, would not be present at the airport. The following day King Baudouin held a Press reception, the first in the history of the Belgian Court. Later on the same day the Belgian Prime Minister announced that the marriage of the King's brother, Prince Albert, to Donna Paola Ruffo di Calabria would take place in Belgium and not in the Vatican.

A FAMILY GREETING AT THE AIRPORT: King Baudouin shakes hands with his father, King Leopold, on his return from the U.S. On the right is Princess de Réthy, wife of the former King of the Belgians.

A PRESS RECEPTION: The King talks with journalists at the first Press meeting in the Palace.

THE HOMECOMING OF THE BELGIAN KING: Enthusiastic crowds press forward as King Baudouin's car passes. Seated beside the King is Count D'Aspremont Lynden, Grand Marshal of the Belgian Court. The King was driving through the streets of Brussels from the airport on Monday of last week after his return from his extensive official tour of the United States. The Royal Family, who had met him at the airport, did not join in the procession. Several times along the route the crowds broke the barriers in a spontaneous show of loyalty. The twelve-mile journey to the Laeken Palace took an hour and a half and was stopped several times by the cheering people.

CHILDREN'S WELCOME: At the airport King Baudouin greets his step-sister, Princess Marie Esmaralda. From left are the King's brother, Prince Albert; his step-brother, Prince Alexandre; his step-mother, Princess de Réthy; his step-sister, Princess Marie Christine; and Queen Elisabeth, his grandmother. On the right is King Leopold. *On right*—King Baudouin receives flowers from Belgian children.

THE MAKING OF CARPETS: At the Wilton Royal Carpet Factory in Salisbury, Wiltshire, the modern buildings house some of the machines in the oldest carpet factory in Great Britain. On the left are the carpet-drying and sizing machines and the cubicle where carpets are checked for faults. Huge piles and long rolls of the famous product litter the light and spacious room.

On right—
NEW BUILDINGS: A large roll of carpet is towed past one of the new buildings of the factory situated on the left bank of the River Wylye. Many of the buildings housing the factory were built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but the recent additions have a contrasting modernistic appearance and are designed to give a large and clear working space.

BRITAIN'S CARPETS FOR THE WORLD

Modern Buildings and Looms at the Wilton Royal Carpet Factory in Salisbury

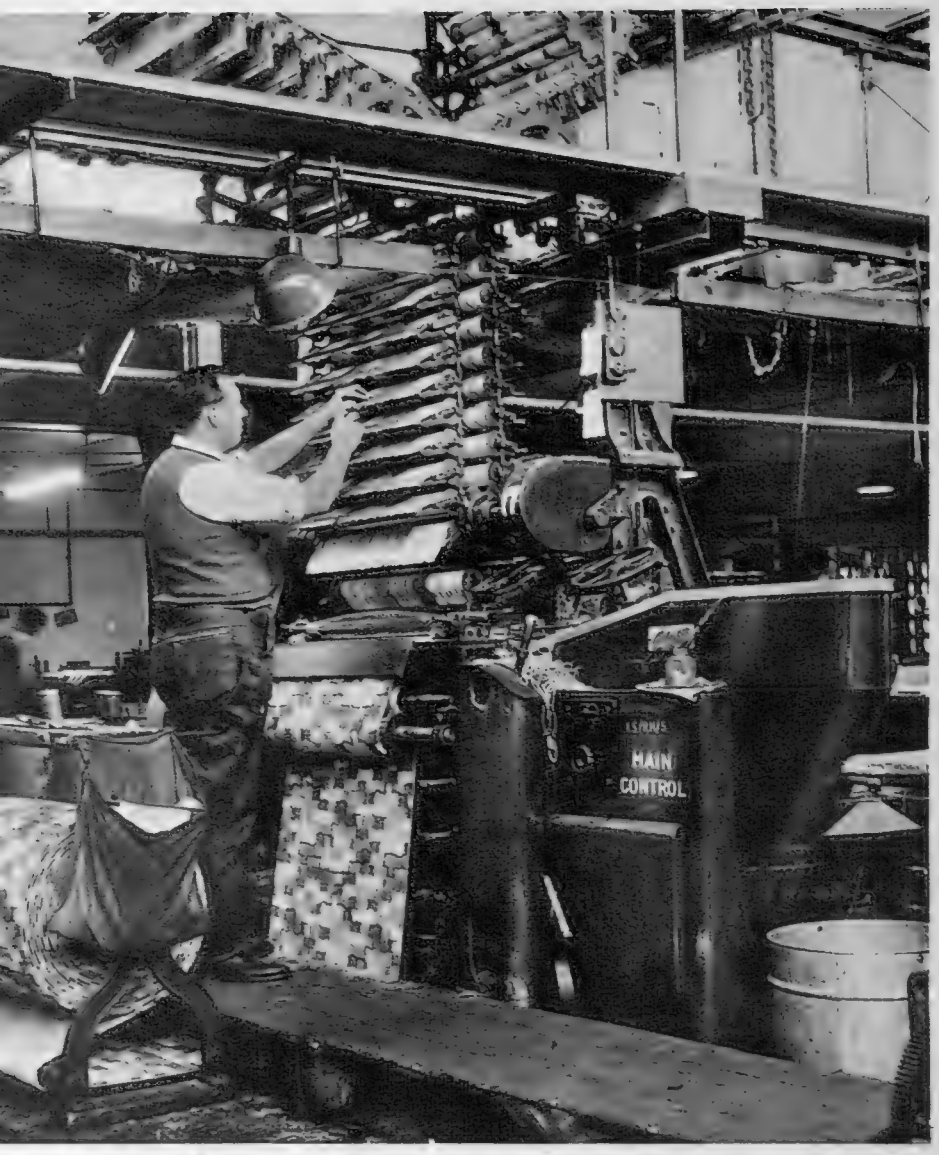
A VISITOR to the Wilton Royal Carpet factory in Salisbury, Wiltshire, enters through an arched gateway to find a pleasant group of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century buildings, enclosing a green and well-tended lawn, surrounded in summer by beds of flowers. On the opposite side is the old weaving shed, bearing a carved date of 1655 (the building, however, was burnt down and rebuilt in 1710). With these reminders that Wilton carpets have been made for centuries and revered for as long, can be seen the new weaving shed, completed in 1957, and having a floor area of about 1,370 sq. yards. Of unusual design, the roof was constructed on the principle of the hyperbolic parabola, which has enabled every square inch of floor to be utilised. Inside this rather startling building is installed modern machinery, heating, lighting and ventilation systems.

It has long been a tradition of the makers of the famous carpets that the latest innovations should be employed to their fullest extent. The first record of carpet-making dates back to 1655; carpets began to be woven on a substantial scale after the influx into Britain of numbers of skilled Huguenot craftsmen, fleeing from French persecution and bringing new ideas with them. In 1699, the factory received its Royal Charter.

In 1720, the 9th Earl of Pembroke, whose family was long associated with Wilton, went on one of the then popular tours of the Continent and was greatly impressed by the quality of carpets made. If he could induce some master weavers to return with him to Wilton, he could considerably benefit the factory. But, under an edict of the French King, no such craftsman could leave France, already denuded of master weavers by the earlier religious intolerance and fearful of competition from abroad. Nevertheless, the Earl did return with two master weavers; it is related that they were smuggled out in two empty wine barrels.

(*Continued on following pages*)

On left—
A SCENE OF TRADITIONAL DIGNITY: Two rolls of newly-finished carpet are transported to the dispatch department past the old buildings at Wilton. The oldest part of the factory, a weaving shed, was built in 1655, and reconstructed after a fire in 1710.



COMPLICATED WEAVING MACHINES: One of the skilled employees checks the spools of yarn of different colours. The carpet emerges in a long roll at the bottom of the machine. Most of the finished product is body carpet, which is then sewn together.

A MAZE OF WOOL LENGTHS: The wool is checked in the loom to make sure it does not get tangled. Although to-day all the carpets from the Wilton factory are made by machine, some of the looms dating from the early-eighteenth century were in use until last year.

DYEING THE WOOL: The dyed yarn is lifted out of one of the hydro-electric driers, which remove 95 per cent. of the moisture in about ten minutes. It is then transferred to the Langley Conveyor which completes the drying on the way to the winding rooms.

THE METHOD OF THE PAST: The only hand-woven carpets still made at Wilton are used solely as samples of the wares, and are not more than 9 ins. long. To-day carpet woven on a modern Gripper loom emerges at the rate of about three yards an hour.

BRITAIN'S CARPETS FOR THE WORLD

(*Continued from previous page*)

When the 9th earl died in 1750, the Brussels carpet had been improved beyond all expectation, and had developed into the Wilton Pile.

A boom period followed. The combination of French ingenuity, and the abundant English wool had brought prosperity to the factory. Earlier, Daniel Defoe, in one of his indefatigable wanderings round England, had noted that hops were being cultivated at Wilton in response to the demands of the "well-paid weavers." In 1755, Thomas Witty started a rival factory at Axminster. During the nineteenth century this went into decline and whole families of weavers migrated to Wilton, many bringing their own looms with them. Some of these weaving machines were in service at Wilton until last year.

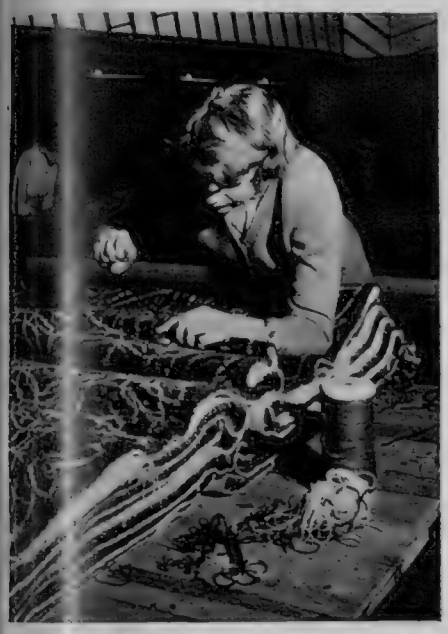
To-day aniline dyes are produced in the three primary colours—red, yellow, and blue. From them, the head dyer may often produce over a hundred different shades, for use in one hand-made carpet. The vats are made of stainless steel, in which the wool is boiled for about three or four hours. In the larger vats, holding 2,000 gallons, 1,000 lb. of wool can be treated at a time. The wool yarn is then dried by machine and is conveyed to the winding rooms. There the skeins are separated and the yarn wound on to bobbins.

Inside the new weaving shed are three modern Gripper looms; the complicated machinery gleams with the thousands of different strands of wool of different hues being drawn into them to come out at the other end as woven carpet, emerging at a rate of approximately 3 yards every hour. The largest of these looms is capable of weaving to a width of 12 ft.

After the raw materials have been woven, the carpet goes through several finishing stages. It is sheared, picked, inspected, and is then taken to the back sizing machine. Made from a range of starches, the size strengthens the backing and assists in the anchoring of the base of the pile. The carpet is then sheared and inspected once more. Besides the Gripper looms, there are a certain number of spool Axminster looms. These are capable of weaving about 400 yards of carpet a week.

In the Wilton looms, which weave widths of 27 ins., 36 ins. and 54 ins., the pile of the carpet is formed by looping the yarn over steel strips of which there are thirty to each loom. Each strip has a small knife-blade at one end which cuts the loops to form the pile. This method, a modification of the Brussels weave, was invented at Wilton. To set up a Wilton loom with a new set of colours takes four hours.

ARTIST AT WORK: Using squared paper, one of the members of the studio at Wilton is engaged in the important task of creating a new design for the large range produced.



A SKILLED OPERATION: After the richly-textured carpets have been woven on the machine, minor faults have to be corrected and filled in by hand. This is a skilful task.

GIANT WEAVING MACHINES: The spools, filled with yarn, are fitted in their correct sequence, on the overhead track, which moves on an endless chain. As each spool is automatically taken off its track, one row of tufts is formed, as it is chopped off by a guillotine.

THOUSANDS OF FEET OF WOOL: The different-coloured yarn is kept separate on the rows of bobbins. On the largest loom at Wilton, up to 12,000 bobbins can be carried, the weight of yarn amounting at times to as much as 6,000 lb.

WINDING ON THE WOOL: The freshly-dyed yarn is wound on to bobbins. Wool is dyed in large, stainless steel vats using aniline dyes heated to boiling point. Besides the large containers, smaller electrically-operated vats are used to produce unusual delicate shades.

POLO INCREASES IN POPULARITY

A First Visit to the Sport Which More and More People are Watching and Which Now Has Clubs and Centres in Many Parts of the Country

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I HAVE been to watch polo. That sentence makes my position plain. Among the *cognoscenti*, in the inner circle (perhaps it would be better described as the "upper circle"), one speaks, I have discovered, of "watching the polo," of "going to the polo." The use of the definite article appears to have some social importance.

This is the first time that I have been to watch polo (obviously, I cannot use the definite article) and I have returned from my initial exploration somewhat bemused. My first surprise was the size of the crowd. There really was quite a large crowd: about the size of the "gate" at a Fourth Division League match on a wet Saturday. Judged by soccer standards, this is not an attendance to boast about. But polo has only recently, within the last six years or so, started to draw the crowds, so that attendance is really pretty good.

Having watched it, I am, I must confess, astonished that polo should be a crowd-puller. I was assured, before I went, that I should find it very fast and tremendously exciting. Of course, I do not know anything about it and, therefore, all the finer points escaped me. I have not the foggiest idea of the tactics (presumably there are some, though they are not immediately apparent to such an uneducated onlooker as myself): I do not even know that the game I watched was a good one. All I can say is that, this first time, I found it slow and dull.

Mind you, it must be a very difficult game. If nothing else was abundantly clear, this was. Not only have you got to be able to hit a moving ball with a stick, you have also got to be able to ride a horse. It is difficult enough to hit a moving ball with a stick when you are on your own two feet: it must be very difficult indeed, when you are on four feet which do not belong to you but to an animal with a mind of its own. Except for the most depressed of livery nags, it is, in my limited experience, difficult enough to ride a horse, even when you have only got to make the thing go straight. Riding a thoroughbred is another matter altogether: all thoroughbreds are bung full of ideas and a top-class thoroughbred takes a deal of riding.

Not all the ponies I saw were thoroughbreds, but they were all first-class galloping ponies—good shoulder, rounded loin, upright humerus, low-down stifle—and full of mettle. To ride animals such as these, to twist and turn about all over the place, must be very difficult indeed. I had never realised how difficult until I watched. Obviously, polo demands a standard of horsemanship well above the average. Knowing nothing about it, it seemed to me that to be a good polo player you need not only the eye of the born player of ball games, but also a pretty good grounding in the principles of equitation.

It is all too easy to be critical, when you know nothing about it and have never done it, but if you watch a game at all closely, even for the first time, some things must strike you. They may well be the wrong ones, of course; and when you go the second time you may realise this and revise your opinions. I have been only once. It struck me that not all the players were horsemen above the average, that not all of them had had a good grounding in the principles of equitation. Once or twice it seemed to me that a player was a good deal too busy trying to control his mount to worry over-much about hitting the ball. Once or twice, I must confess, it did occur to me that the pony might know rather more about the game than the man on its back. But this is the eye of ignorance.

Of course, it was ignorance which prevented my enjoyment of the game. Polo is a team game. At a first look I think you would have some difficulty in believing it. At any rate, I did not see any plan of campaign by either side (perhaps it was too subtle to be obvious), no close passing, no weaving of pattern. I did not see anything that could, by any stretch of the imagination, be described as "neat stick-work." Indeed, after watching with absorbed attention for some time, I came to the conclusion that the umpire had by far the best of it all: well-mounted on a good pony, he had all the galloping about that anyone could desire without having to worry about connecting with the ball. The eye of ignorance again. But, if it comes to a team game with stick and ball, give me hockey every time. By comparison, this seemed to me to be rather a case of biff and gallop: a good deal of rather aimless galloping about after the ball. I have heard the same criticism of Fourth Division football.

That is the second time that Fourth Division football has crept in. And that is very unfair and very inaccurate. I admit it. There is no resemblance at all, either in the game or the spectators: especially the spectators. I found the game rather boring because I did not understand it. But I am an earnest soul and very anxious to learn. Obviously the fault lay with me and not with the game. After all, polo is a game of great antiquity—it is said to have been first played in Persia about 600 B.C.—and it has been played in England for almost a hundred years. Since the war it has greatly increased in popularity. There are now clubs and polo centres in many parts of the country, and I suppose more people are playing it now than ever before. There must be something in it, and not only for the players. After all, there was quite a considerable crowd present (I am sure that there must be more people watching polo than ever before) and they appeared to be enjoying themselves immensely. I thought I would learn from the crowd. I thought that I would find some addict in the crowd who would educate and enthuse me. Well, I did learn a great deal from the crowd.

POLO AT WINDSOR: Princess Anne watches as the Queen presents a medal to a member of the winning Cowdray Park team which beat Windsor Park during the match for the Royal Windsor Horse Show polo cup last month. They won the game, which was played at Smith's Lawn, by 3½ goals to 2.

It was a friendly crowd. I had no difficulty in getting into conversation with complete strangers. Indeed, they seemed quite eager to have a chat. This, in England, is something novel. I am at a loss to account for so notable a break with tradition. The reason must lie in polo. And I think that it is, perhaps, this: polo is a rich man's game and is, therefore, unlikely to appeal to the masses, so the people who go to watch it are likely to be socially "all right." No particular need to be on your guard.

Maybe that is all wrong. But I could not help but notice that, when I got into conversation with a man, the first thing he looked at was my tie: presumably on the assumption (long since out-dated I should have thought) that the colours and arrangement of the stripes would give him a clue to social status. Certainly almost every man I saw was wearing a school, club or regimental tie. I was wearing a plain red one: dark red, it is true, but still most inappropriate.

I cannot say that I learnt very much about the game of polo. All this handicapping business remains a complete mystery, for example, and no one could tell me very much about the tactics of the game. But I did discover that the question of expense is not one which polo people like you to bring up. You ask someone how much it costs to play polo, and immediately a wary look comes into his eye: he shies, not neatly like a polo pony, but as clumsily as a cart-horse. Nice people do not talk about money. But this was one of the things I wanted to know. And I did find two men willing to discuss the sordid subject.

I still have no real idea what it costs to play polo. The first, a young man (but the genuine article: as *The Spectator* has pointed out "the peculiar bony superiority of the horse class of England defies imitation") assured me that if you join a club, bring in your own gear (sticks, hat, etc.), you can play twice a week right through the season and it costs about £150. He spoke with the authority of experience. That is cheap enough. But that must mean, of course, that the club provides the ponies, and no club would be able to do that on its subscriptions alone, which means that one or more wealthy men must subsidise it; at least in the matter of ponies. The young man did not know about that; had never thought about it.

The second (also the genuine article, but middle-aged), when asked what it would cost to play your own ponies, merely shrugged. He did not think it would be possible to buy trained thoroughbred ponies anywhere in England. If any did come on the market he thought the price would be prohibitive. Untrained thoroughbred ponies could be bought at the Sales, but it took a long time to train a good polo pony. He was not committing himself on the cost, but it would not be cheap. I was no wiser.

But I am sure that not everyone plays on club or hired ponies. The top-flight players could not do so, and stay in the top flight. It costs money to keep a horse. But, then, it costs money to play golf. Still, when you consider the whole thing, apart from the initial outlay, when you think of grooms and keep and so forth—and remember that all this has to be added to the essentials of life: wife, gin, motor-car—well, you can see that polo is not everybody's game. Perhaps it is not right (remembering that young man) to call it a rich man's game, but it is certainly a game that would not exist in England to-day were it not for a number of wealthy, devoted–and very generous–men.

What is the public interest in polo? I do not know; but I have a feeling that if the polo authorities think that there is any real public interest in the *game*, they delude themselves. At this game the vast majority of the crowd was composed of women. One would expect that: it is the women of England, especially the young women, who are horse-conscious. But this was not really a horse-conscious crowd; very few were what you might call "horsey" women. There was not much "bony superiority" about them: it was more a matter of undulation. This was not a tweeds and flat-heels gathering: it was not even a "country" gathering. It struck me more as a well-dressed picnic party: a social occasion, the right people doing the right thing. There were some pretty expensive clothes, and some very expensive dogs. (It's evidently a good thing if you can produce an Afghan or a Saluki or something like that; but if not, a toy poodle will do.) Everyone was friendly, and pleasantly informal, and chatty. I cannot say that I noticed any tremendous interest in the game itself. I cannot say that I overheard any informed comment on the play. They watched, of course; but they watched casually, while they gossiped. I got the impression that they were not really interested in the polo, but were immensely interested in the people.

I do not think that there can be any doubt that it is the Royal Family's interest in polo, and not the game itself, that has brought about the increased attendance. Public interest in the Badminton Three-Day Event started in precisely the same way.

I wonder if the same thing is going to happen with polo? I rather doubt it, but . . . well, have I given the impression that I was bored? If so, forget it. I had the whale of an afternoon. What could be more delightful than a lazy afternoon in a deck-chair or on a rug, amid pleasant company in lovely surroundings, watching (every now and then) the most U of games? I shall be going again. Why, in a year or two, I may even understand what it is all about.

KHRUSHCHEV IN ALBANIA

Speeches in Tirana and a Visit to a Collective Farm

Although a haze of political speculation surrounded Mr. Khrushchev's visit to Albania, no clear-cut reason for it was given. Predominantly it appeared to be the occasion of the launching of a campaign of intimidation against Greece, designed to frighten the Greeks into refusing to instal rocket bases in their country. In his speeches and in the joint declaration marking the end of the official part of his visit, Mr. Khrushchev reiterated offers for a Balkan zone free of nuclear weapons. A possibly significant trend of the Soviet leader's stay was the increasingly friendly tone of remarks about Yugoslavia. Mr. Hodja, the leader of the Albanian Communist Party, emphasised his country's readiness to develop friendly relations with Marshal Tito on a basis of mutual respect, equality and non-interference. In the light of the Albanian vendetta against Yugoslavia, extremely hostile until recently, it did seem that Mr. Khrushchev's visit was in part directed towards altering Soviet tactics in this direction. Although the Yugoslavs were still ideological outsiders, co-operation with them was apparently being sought. During his stay, the Soviet Premier spent much of his speeches re-affirming the Russian ideas on Germany. He then visited Budapest for a few days.

THE SOVIET PREMIER'S VISIT TO A FARM: Mr. Khrushchev leads members of the U.S.S.R. delegation on a visit to a co-operative farm in the village of Bulgarets, in the Corcha district of Albania. A joint declaration signed by Mr. Khrushchev and the Albanian leaders, apart from reassurances of mutual accord and sincerity, reiterated offers for a Balkan zone free of nuclear weapons and re-stated the Soviet bloc's position on the related problems of Germany, Berlin, and central Europe.

On right—
SPEAKING IN TIRANA: Mr. Khrushchev uses an expansive gesture at a public meeting. From the left are Marshal Malinovsky, Mrs. Catusha Dumbadze (Secretary of the Central Committee in Georgia), Mr. Mukhitdinov (described as a Soviet foreign aid expert), an interpreter, Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Enver Hodja (the Secretary-General of the Albanian Communist Party) and extreme right, Mr. Shehu, the Prime Minister of Albania.

WITH ALBANIAN LEADERS: The Soviet leader is flanked by the Albanian Prime Minister, Mr. Mehmet Shehu (left), and Mr. Enver Hodja, the leader of the Albanian Communist Party, during Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the central committee headquarters in Tirana.

SIGNING THE AGREEMENT: Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Hodja sign a joint declaration in Tirana, marking the end of the official part of the Soviet Premier's visit. Most members of the Russian delegation then left the country but Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Malinovsky were reported to have remained behind for several days. Other Communist leaders who were in Tirana during this period included Herr Grotewohl, the East German Premier, and Marshal Peng Teh-huai, Chinese Defence Minister.

On left—
BREAD AND SALT: Mr. Khrushchev is presented with the traditional gift signifying friendship and hospitality, during his visit to the village of Bulgarets, in the district of Corcha.

THE LANDSCAPE OF THE WASTES OF THE ANTARCTIC: The scene at McMurdo Sound is dominated by the volcanic cone of Mount Erebus, which is 13,200 ft. high. In the foreground are pressure ice ridges near Marble Point. The main station of the U.S. Expedition, which arrived in the Antarctic in December of 1955, is situated at Kainan Bay, an indentation of the Ross Ice Shelf.

CLEARING A PASSAGE: From the side of the U.S.S. *Glacier*, one of the largest ice-breakers in the world, can be seen the ice being pushed aside from her bows. Generally speaking, the harder and older the ice, the more it breaks into small blocks.

SURVEYING THE ANTARCTIC

The Work of the U.S. Expedition

The American expedition to the Antarctic, the most extensive of a number of expeditions by different nations, is named "Operation Deep Freeze." It opened in December of 1955 with the arrival at McMurdo Sound of 3 large cargo vessels, 3 tankers, 3 ice-breakers, 1,000 men, 10,000 tons of stores, and 19 naval aircraft. On an indentation of the Ross Ice Shelf, the main station was erected at Kainan Bay and became known as "Little America."

An airstrip was built on the ice of McMurdo Sound, used by aircraft fitted with skis and by helicopters. Survey planes have photographed over a million square miles of territory, three-quarters of which were previously unsurveyed. The work disclosed a mountain range in the eastern part of Marie Byrd Land. This range runs parallel to the south coast of the Weddell Sea, and has peaks rising to 17,000 ft. It has been suggested that there are similarities between it and the South American Andes. Some 3,500 U.S. Servicemen were engaged in the construction of the base at the South Pole itself, the Byrd base in Marie Byrd Land, Ellsworth Base on the Weddell Sea, the Wilkes Base in Australian Antarctic Territory, and the Hallet Base in the Ross Dependency. The last of these is a joint U.S.-New Zealand scientific station.

In the scientific work being undertaken are stratigraphic surveys of the ice of the Ross Ice Shelf. A ten-men U.S.-New Zealand team has drilled down to a depth of 836 ft., taking ice cores which are shipped to the United States for study. The nature of the ice varies according to the time of year at which it was formed, and layers of sinter in the stratification indicate activity by Mount Erebus, the nearby over 13,000-ft.-high volcano. It was climbed not long ago by a party of New Zealand scientists using a route up the south side. The two previous ascents, one by a party from Shackleton's Nimrod Expedition in 1908 and the other by members of Scott's Terra Nova Expedition, used a ridge running from Cape Royds, on the western side.

Compared with the hardships of the early expeditions, living in the rough shacks still preserved in the Antarctic snow, the new bases provide a high standard of comfort. As the various expeditions carry out surveys and collect scientific data, the Unknown Continent is becoming more familiar territory.

AMERICAN BASE IN THE ANTARCTIC: The U.S. expedition's camp is situated at Hut Point, McMurdo Sound. In the foreground are some of the drums in a large fuel dump and beyond the camp on the right are aircraft parked on the airstrip. On the other side of the sound in the centre is Mount Discovery.

A MEMORY OF THE PAST: Seen from the south-east is Scott's base at Cape Evans. The buildings of the explorer's quarters on McMurdo Sound are in good repair. From this camp Scott made his dash for the Pole.

ICE-BREAKER AT WORK: U.S.S. *Glacier* ploughs through the ice of the Ross Sea. After she damaged both screws off Cape Hallett in attempting to land a New Zealand survey group, she had to be refitted at her base.

On right—

ANOTHER EXPEDITION: Inside the communications room of the Scott base of the New Zealand expedition, Mr. Peter Yeates is seated at his desk. The base is not far from "Little America."

Below—

PRESERVED AMID THE ICE AND SNOW: From the north-east can be seen Shackleton's base at Cape Royds; the orderliness of the stacks of stores and baled straw gives a false impression of the time they have stood there.

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION: Mr. R. H. Ragle, the leader of the "Deep Drilling" project at "Little America," the headquarters of the U.S. Expedition, checks the core of ice brought up from 500 ft. down. Drilling has reached a depth of 836 ft.

THE DEEP-DRILLING RIG: The machinery is used to bring up core from all depths. The ice is sent to the U.S. for study. Each foot of ice in McMurdo Sound took about fifteen months to form; ice at water-level is 1,225 years old.

PARTHIA WINS THE 1959 DERBY

In Brilliant Sunshine, W. H. Carr Rides His First Derby Winner

ROYAL APPLAUSE FOR THE DERBY WINNER: In the Royal box, the Duke of Edinburgh looks on as the Queen, Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother applaud after Parthia, with W. H. Carr up, had won the 108th Derby Stakes at Epsom for Sir Humphrey de Trafford. Fidalgo, another English-trained horse, was second and Shantung, the favourite, was third.

In winning the 1959 Derby, Parthia brought new success to owner, rider and trainer, for it was the first time that any of the three had won the race. Parthia, owned by Sir Humphrey de Trafford and trained by Captain Boyd-Rochfort, was ridden by W. H. Carr, who was taking part in his thirteenth Derby. There were twenty runners, and both Parthia and Fidalgo, who finished second, were trained in England. Shantung, who finished third, was one of seven challengers from France. Saint Crespin III was fourth and the Queen's horse, Above Suspicion, finished fifth.

The 108th Derby, with a prize amounting to £36,078, was run in brilliant sunshine and in the presence of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal Family. Thousands of other people crowded the course, and as seen in the pictures on these pages, many of them watched the race from improvised grandstands. After the race the Queen congratulated Parthia's owner, rider and trainer. Soon after the start, Shantung, who was last away, was struck by the hooves of another horse. He was last at Tattenham Corner, where the field was led by Rousseau's Dream. At that time Parthia was lying seventh. Later, there were cheers from the crowd when Parthia challenged Fidalgo, who had gone to the front. Both the English horses were then ahead of St. Crespin III, with Shantung coming up from the rear.

LEADING IN THE WINNER: Sir Humphrey de Trafford leads Parthia towards the winner's enclosure. Parthia, trained by Captain Boyd-Rochfort, won by a length-and-a-half.

ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER: On the extreme right is Rousseau's Dream, who was leading at this point in the race. To the left are Lindrick, Arvak (partly hidden), Josephus, Fidalgo, Princillon (in the rear), Parthia and Amourrou (behind). In the centre foreground with white nose, is Saint Crespin III with Thymus and Regent II following. The next column of horses from the front are Carnoustie, Above Suspicion, Reactor, Barbary Pirate and Shantung. The four on the left are New Brig and Casque in the foreground, with Dan Cupid and Beau Tudor behind. Shantung, who was in the rear at Tattenham Corner, was last away at the tapes. Rousseau's Dream finished in eleventh place.

LEADING THE FIELD: W. H. Carr (second from left) smiles in triumph as he rides Parthia past the winning-post. Coming in second on the right is Fidalgo with jockey J. Mercer wearing hooped silks. On the extreme left is Shantung with F. Palmer up, who finished third. To the left of Fidalgo is Saint Crespin III, ridden by A. Breasley, who was placed fourth in a photo finish with Shantung. The Queen's horse, Above Suspicion, with D. Smith up, is seen third from left, finishing the 1½-mile course just behind the leaders.

PASSING THE POST: From right to left are Parthia, Fidalgo, Saint Crespin III, Shantung, Above Suspicion and Carnoustie, who finished sixth. On the extreme left of the picture a group of people are seen watching the final moments of the race from the upper deck of a bus. Hundreds of other people are in the background. It was one of the warmest Derby days since the beginning of the century and thousands of people arrived to watch the race. At the end of the day there were traffic jams as they made their way home. Speaking later in the day the fifty-two-year-old jockey C. Smirke, who was unplaced this year on Thymus, announced his retirement. He has ridden four Derby winners.

AUCKLAND'S NEW BRIDGE

And the George Washington Bridge in New York

THE AUCKLAND HARBOUR BRIDGE: People stream across the new bridge on the Sunday before its official opening to take the opportunity to walk from the city to the north side. More than 100,000 people crossed the bridge, which on May 30 was opened officially for the use of vehicles only. *On right*—In the foreground is Erin Point on the city side, which has the main commercial and shopping centres. The bridge stretches across the natural harbour to Northcote Point, the north side being mainly residential. The bridge is 3,500 ft. long and 45 ft. wide. Its navigational arch is 142 ft. high. Construction, carried out by British contractors, started in May 1955, and cost well over £6,000,000. The project for building a bridge over the harbour was first envisaged in 1860 when the cost was estimated at about £15,500. It is thought that 3,250,000 vehicles and 10,000,000 people will make use of the bridge in the first year of its operation. Every day 50,000 people travel from the north side to work in the city. Ferries previously handled 10,500,000 people and 1,500,000 vehicles in a year.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE IN NEW YORK: The impressive sweeping steel structure of the bridge is seen from the arch on the Manhattan side. On the far side of the River Hudson is the wooded New Jersey bank. *On left*—**On the opposite bank lies Manhattan with its many tall office blocks. At the end of the approach to the bridge and on the sides are sites which have been cleared to cope with the traffic problem at the rush hours. On these sites a new lower traffic level is to be constructed for the bridge. One of the twenty bridges connecting Manhattan Island, the business centre of New York, with the rest of the city, the George Washington Bridge is of the cantilever type. It is 2,399 ft. in length and 86 ft. wide. Each of the two steel arches has a span of 510 ft. and a height of 133½ ft. Another fine structure in Northern Manhattan is the High Bridge. Of granite, it has 15 semi-circular arches, 8 with 80-ft. spans and 7 with 50-ft. It is 25 ft. wide.**

THE GROWING USE OF PLASTICS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

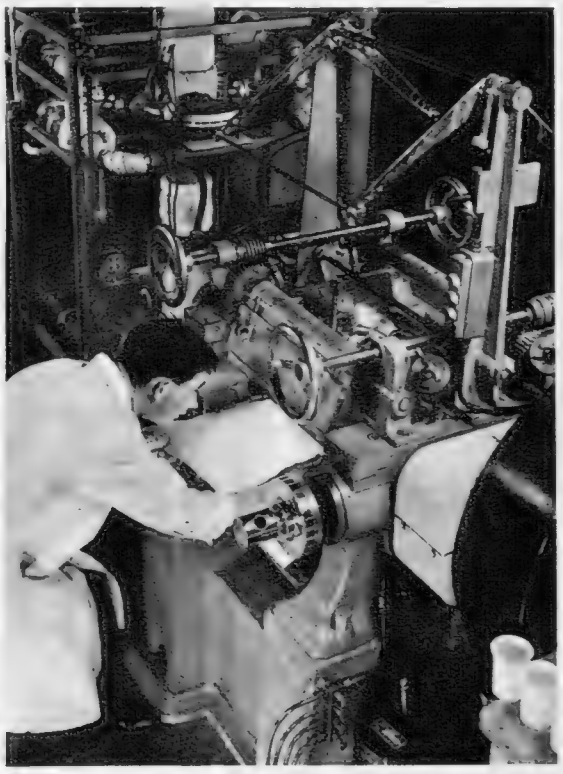
AN industry that manages an 8 per cent. increase in output in a year of general recession is not exactly in a parlous state; and in 1958 the British plastics industry was not looking for sympathy. Nevertheless, that increase—which is more than the economy as a whole ever achieves, and which most industries would count themselves lucky to match in a good year—seemed pretty modest to an industry that has quadrupled its production in a decade. Was this a temporary slow-down, or was its period of phenomenal growth coming to an end?

For a "science-based" industry such as plastics, this is a complex but crucial question. It produces industrial materials, so it cannot avoid feeling the effects of any general recession in industry. Primary producers of the basic raw materials for industry were hit a good deal harder last year than plastic materials producers were. Certainly, the producers of the man-made molecules had much in common, during recession, with those mining natural minerals or growing the natural fibres; after years of vainly attempting to keep up with demand, they found themselves suddenly under-supplier was offering a prize for an ivory substitute to make billiard balls—have been available for a very long time. But the industry has never settled into any stabilised "maturity" simply because of this continuing ability to ring the changes with the hydrocarbon molecules, and to develop fresh materials with further saleable qualities as soon as the latest ones seem to have explored most of the possibilities of their particular market.

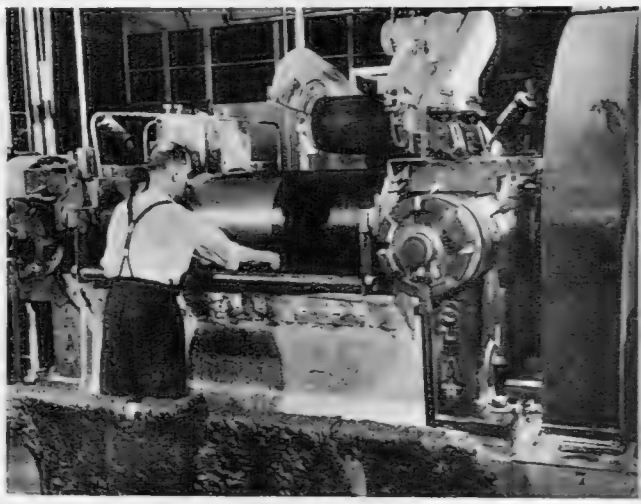
"Industrial research," it has been said, "is about as risky as wildcat oil-drilling—one chance in eight comes up." To keep in the forefront, any plastics firm that makes the materials (as against the thriving and so far less risky business of squeezing these materials into saleable shapes) has to plough back a high proportion of its earnings into research to keep these new technical possibilities coming. But it cannot afford to rely on its own organised research alone; it also needs to be alert for possibilities that may be turned up by independent inventors outside its own orbit. However big and well-equipped the laboratory is, it cannot guarantee inspiration to order; many of the key market the new kind can capture; but there is certain to be some overlap. And catalytic processes such as the one Ziegler invented, by simplifying the whole process of polymerisation which creates the large molecules of these plastic substances, bring further materials to follow with fresh competition. Shell Chemicals, for example, is now setting out to produce polyproplyene, another material with somewhat similar properties to polythene of the latest kind. It has also one special feature making it more competitive; propane is in Britain to-day a cheaper by-product of petroleum than ethylene.

Many of the newer and still rapidly-growing plastics have been made from the start from petroleum; others, which can be based either upon coal or petroleum as a source of hydrocarbons, are to-day being made more and more from petroleum. This is no accident; it is linked with the post-war development of oil refining industries in the developed countries that offer large markets for petroleum products, rather than at the source of the oil. It has, moreover, brought the technical and business acumen of the great oil companies into

POLYETHYLENE PRODUCTS: A great variety of goods can be produced from "high density" and "conventional" polyethylene. "High density" polyethylene is made by a new low-pressure catalytic process.



RUBBER FROM PLASTIC: At a laboratory at the I.C.I. Plastics Division, "Butakon" A rubber is being cut into sheets. The material is both oil-resistant and is not corroded by other liquids used in industry.



MIXING "BUTAKON" A: The heated roller is used in one stage of the production of the material which has the strength and elasticity of natural rubber.

A FINISHED PRODUCT: Tubing made from "Butakon" A is removed from an autoclave after vulcanising. "Butakon" A is used for soft rubbers and hard resins.

employed, with fresh capacity coming in that they could not immediately utilise. Recovery in Europe, as in the United States, is pushing up demand for materials again; but it will take a while to catch up with the power to produce materials for industry that the synthetic and the natural materials producers have built themselves up.

Until the supply of genius available to mankind becomes a good deal larger, industrial development is always liable to get out of step in that way; nobody in business worries too much about it. But a scientific industry such as plastics has more than these general problems of balance to reckon with. On the commercial side, it is always anxious to keep the frontiers of its market advancing, partly by encroaching upon territory so far served by natural materials, and partly by creating entirely new possibilities of sales. The growth of plastics in packaging, for example, relies at least as much on getting merchandise elaborately packed that used to have little or no wrapping before, as on, say, substituting plastic film for greaseproof paper. It takes great efforts to maintain the impetus of that commercial advance.

Some of those efforts are made in the laboratory: the salesman can tell the chemist which properties are particularly valuable, and the research department can select or pursue materials that possess these. This hand-in-hand progress, sometimes with the salesman's requirements setting the pace and sometimes with the chemist's new and exciting products giving the salesman the job of finding them a market, has prolonged the youth of this industry over a surprisingly long time. Plastics of one kind or another—think of celluloid, invented about a century ago because a pool-room developments have come from quite outside the plastics industry.

One key process in the newer plastics, the Ziegler process, is one of these. The original development of polyethylene by Imperial Chemicals Industries, completed by the late '30's, has been called "a triumph of brute force"; the ethylene was polymerised under a pressure of 30,000 lb. per square inch and at a temperature of 200 degs. C. Perhaps no firm other than I.C.I., with its vast knowledge of high-pressure technique, could have developed the process on an industrial scale. But about twenty years later an entirely different, less exacting way of producing polythene, or other similar plastics, was discovered by Professor Karl Ziegler, of the Max Planch Institute for Coal Research in Essen, as an incidental "by-product" of research into the use of catalysts. This enables ethylene to be polymerised at low temperature and atmospheric pressure, which is inherently a cheaper way to make it; and the product also happens to be smoother, tougher and more heat-resistant than the high-pressure variety.

Over the last decade, no plastic material has expanded its market more rapidly than polythene. But to-day I.C.I.'s dominance as the original and still the largest-scale producer is being challenged by Shell Chemicals, using the Ziegler process, and by British Hydrocarbon Chemicals, who are using another catalytic low-pressure process.

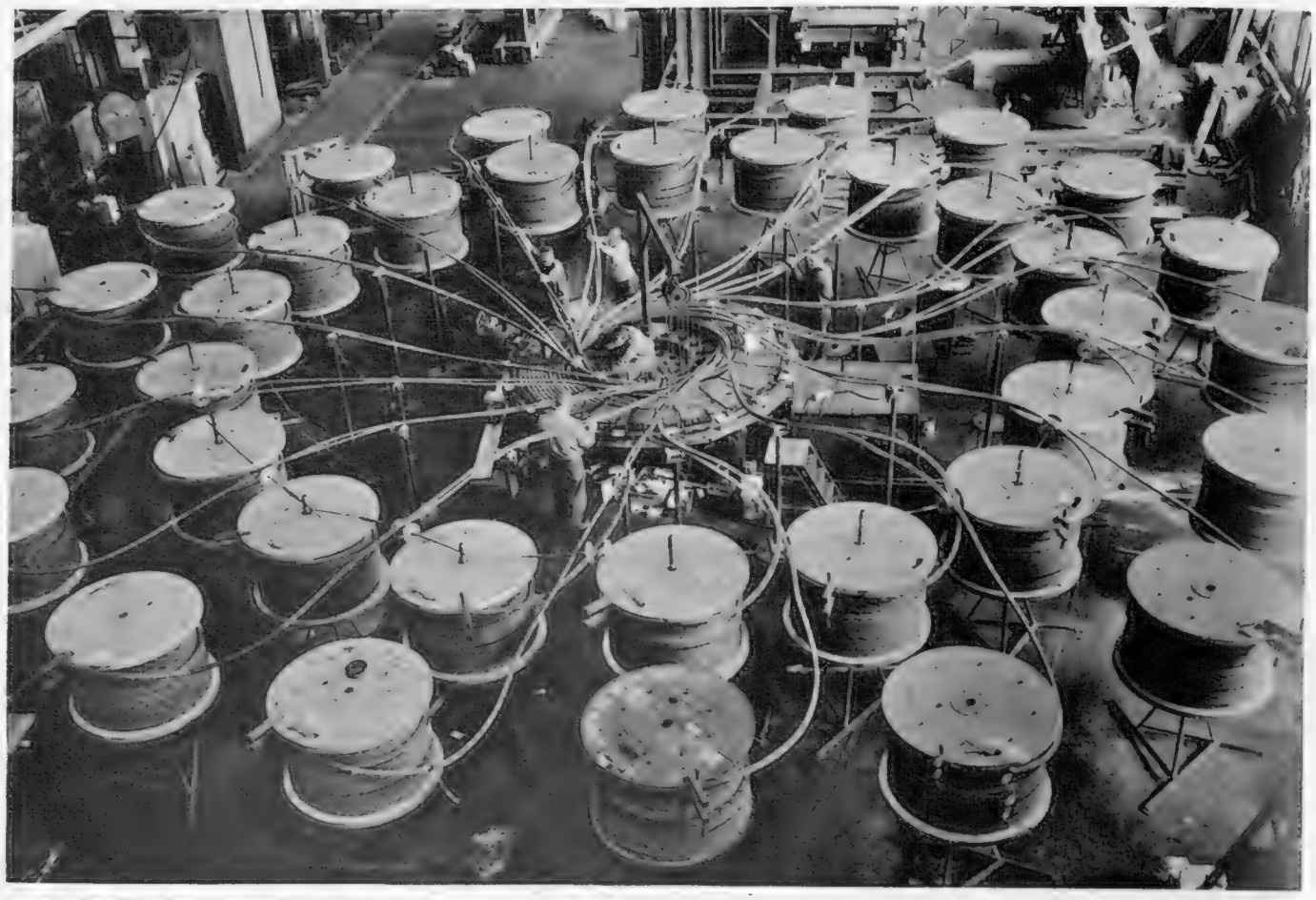
This illustrates another aspect of technical and commercial progress in the plastics industry; new products, or altered ones, proceed not only by competing with natural materials and by creating new markets, but also at the expense of other plastics. Nobody in the business is yet sure how much of high-pressure polythene's this section of the chemical industry. In Britain, Shell Chemicals and British Hydrocarbon Chemicals (in which British Petroleum shares ownership with Distillers) are among the pace-setters of this business.

Vast aggregations of capital, engaged in a business that must spend heavily on developing new materials that will usually, at the margin, compete with those they are selling already, thus characterise the plastics industry. No other has managed to achieve a greater rate of expansion across the world, perhaps tenfold in the last twenty years. But all the great companies in it are committed well ahead to the expansion of their capacity to make materials they already sell, and even further ahead on materials they are not selling yet. Any pause in the widening of the market may mean, for a time, competition of an intensity that the plastics industry has perhaps never known since it struggled out of its infancy.

Below—

RAILWAY MODERNISATION

With the introduction on Monday of the first trains on the electrified East Kent Coast service, British Railways (Southern Region) have modernised various works, depots and ancillary services. At Ramsgate and Stewarts Lane, Battersea, the work has been carried out for the railway authorities by Holloway Brothers (London) Ltd., who have undertaken the civil engineering work. There were four main contracts at Battersea. These included the erection of a large steel-framed and insulated asbestos running shed for the maintenance of mainline electric locomotives; the extension of the existing carriage-cleaning shed, which now has fourteen sidings, with eight new inspection pits for maintaining 12-car electric trains, and the conversion of part of the steam locomotive shed. A Drivers' Training School has also been constructed. During the work at both Battersea and Ramsgate delay and inconvenience to passengers was kept to a minimum.



MODERNISATION AT BATTERSEA: The new buildings and extensions at the British Railways depot at Stewarts Lane are seen in the right centre of the picture. The civil engineering work has been carried out by Holloway Brothers (London) Ltd.

AN INDUCTION COIL FOR A WIND TUNNEL

Workmen at the General Electric plant at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, are winding heavy copper cables from the thirty-six reels around them to make an induction coil. The finished coil, containing about six miles of cable, weighing 60 tons, and standing 5 ft. high, will be, it is believed, the largest in the world. To be used in an Air Force wind tunnel at the Arnold Engineering Development Centre in Tullahoma, Tennessee, the coil, with 1,000,000 ampères of electricity passing through it, will discharge energy in a superhot spark to explode compressed air and drive it through the wind tunnel at twenty times the speed of sound.

EARTH-MOVING EQUIPMENT

The Ministry of Works is at present holding an exhibition of building plant at Greenford. On show will be a comprehensive range of earth-moving equipment displayed and demonstrated by Mackay Industrial Equipment Limited. Included are a crawler tractor, tractor shovels, a tractor-loader, a motor scraper, an angledozer, and a direct air compressor. *Above* is a Fiat-Imatra two-way tractor shovel discharging earth into a lorry. It is the only two-way tractor shovel with controlled discharge of the bucket at the front and at the rear. The Fiat-Imatra is powered by a Fiat four-stroke, 70-h.p. diesel engine. It has a five-speed gear-box and a quick reverse unit. The reverse unit permits shift from any of the first four speeds direct into the corresponding reverse speed. The forward speeds range from 0 to 6.2 m.p.h. and the reverse from 0 to 4.9 m.p.h. The bucket has a capacity of 1½ cub. yards, and has a discharge height of 7 ft. 4 ins. with a reach of 3 ft. 4 ins. at the front, and at the rear a discharge height of 5 ft. 10 ins. with a reach of 2 ft. 10 ins. At the front and rear a discharge height of 10 ft. 8 ins. can be gained at zero reach.

On right—

THE FIAT FL. 4 TRACTOR SHOVEL: Powered by a four-stroke diesel engine, the machine demonstrates its capabilities. It is one of a range of earth-moving equipment on show at the Greenford exhibition of the Ministry of Works. Weighing almost 4 tons, the tractor shovel has a ¾ cub. yard tipback shovel and integrally constructed hydraulic ripper.

VIEWS OF THE BRITISH FAIR IN PORTUGAL: Taken on a flight by a helicopter from the British aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Centaur*, this aerial picture shows the site and some of the buildings of the British Trade Fair in Lisbon. *Left*—Housed in the new Exhibition Hall and the grounds of the Feira das Industrias Portuguesas are the many stands of a wide range of British exhibitors. Foreground is the separate area of the Motor Show, with B.M.C., Vauxhall and Ford stands prominent.

THE BRITISH TRADE FAIR IN LISBON

The site of the fair, which closes to-morrow, June 14, is on the Avenida da India, a mile or so from the centre of the Portuguese capital and alongside the shore of the Tagus. It is the largest foreign trade exhibition ever to be held in Portugal.. Hundreds of British firms are showing products ranging from shipbuilding to tableware, from electrical equipment to textiles, and from general engineering to banking. It includes an all-British Motor Show in a separate enclosed area. For the first time, an independent British television programme contractor, Associated Rediffusion Limited, has taken a special studio in the Fair building and has been making nightly broadcasts of news over the Portuguese television network.

According to reports of the opening day of the Lisbon Fair, President Tomas of Portugal was so interested in the exhibits that he stayed long after the planned time. This augured well for the success of the venture by the Federation of British Industries. He expressed his gratitude for the co-operation of British firms in Portugal's £375,000,000 economic development plan, and said he felt sure the Fair would not have taken place but for the visit of the Queen in 1957. Of particular interest to him was the Vickers exhibit, probably the biggest at the Fair, and covering all its activities from what is claimed to be the world's fastest tractor to part of a gas-cooled nuclear engine to power a proposed 65,000-ton tanker. The reasons for holding the Trade Fair were threefold: Britain has been a trading partner with Portugal for six centuries; this year sees the inception of Portugal's six-year development plan, in which £375,000,000 is to be spent in Portugal and her territories overseas; and Britain, so long Portugal's principal foreign supplier, has in recent years dropped to second behind West Germany.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE MOTORWAY PROGRESSES: Traffic passes along the old route to the north—Watling Street (A 5)—under a newly-constructed bridge which will carry part of the London-Birmingham motorway at a point near St. Albans. Slip roads have still to be built.

MOTORWAY CONSTRUCTION

The London-Birmingham Road; Progress on the Construction of Britain's First Major Motorway

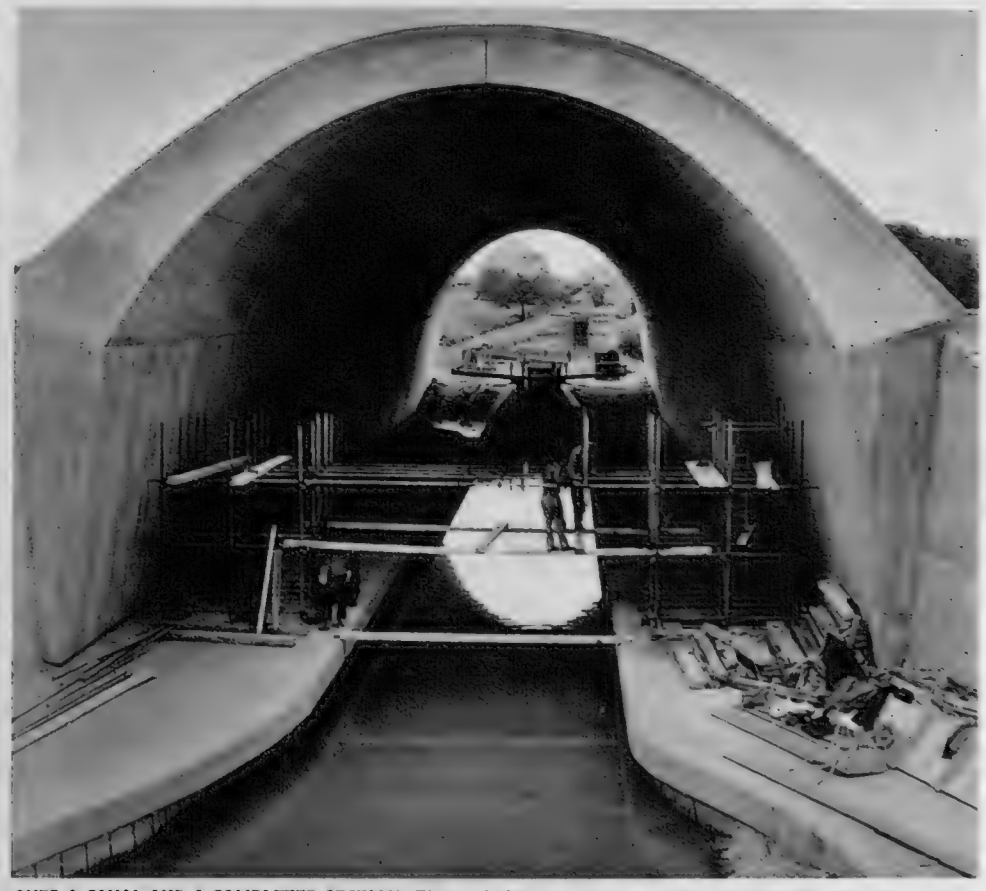
An intensive effort is being made by all concerned in the construction of the London-Birmingham motorway to have the work completed on schedule by October 31. Last summer's bad weather slowed down the work. There have been two main stages in the development of the 70-mile dual carriageway road. Stage 1, which was largely completed last year, included the building of bridges and viaducts and a huge earth-moving programme. Over 140 of the 180 bridges involved have been built. Construction of railway bridges over the motorway at Luton, Dunchurch and Northampton required that the steel superstructure had to be assembled alongside the railway and rolled into position during a short interval in railway operations. There are viaducts carrying the motorway over the valleys of the River Nene, Northants; Ousel, Bucks; and the Ouse—all over 450 ft. long. The second stage in the work is now progressing as quickly as possible. This consists mainly of carriageway construction and surfacing, and other roadwork finishing operations.

Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, made a tour of a section of the motorway on Monday of last week. He stated that the original cost of the construction—£16,000,000 for the section north of the St. Albans By-pass, and £6,000,000 for the by-pass—would be exceeded but not by a great deal. He expressed satisfaction with the work done so far and said that if the work was completed on schedule it would accelerate the whole of the road programme. It is intended that eventually the motorway, which has twin, three-lane, 36-ft.-wide carriageways, will be extended from Birmingham north to Yorkshire. Difficulties on agreeing on a route through Leicestershire, however, are bound to delay the completion of this part of the project for some time. The routes suggested are either through Charnwood Forest or through Soar Valley sites. In the construction mechanisation plays a large part. In addition to the concrete train, laying 900 ft. a day, there are all types of vehicle. And there are aircraft for supervision, survey and to supply spare parts.

On right—

LOOKING NORTH: Near the Toddington-Ampthill Road junction a section of the dual carriageway road is almost finished. This picture was taken from the junction—a bridge which carries the A 5120 over the London—Birmingham motorway.

MODERN ROAD-BUILDING METHODS: On the southern section near St. Albans the concrete train is in action. Running on rails, the machinery lays and levels the base course of concrete. The train can lay a length of 900 ft. of concrete road per day, 38 ft. wide and 11 ins. thick. The motorway is scheduled for completion by October 31. Surfacing is continuing at 3½ miles a week.



OVER A CANAL AND A COMPLETED SECTION: The arch forms part of a bridge which will carry the motorway over the canal at Rothersthorpe, in Northamptonshire. *Left*—Workmen are attending to the pathway at the side of a completed part of the carriageway at Chalton, near Luton.

The World of Books

THE ENDS OF THE WORLD

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's Book on the Mysteries of Life and Death; Travel in Africa, Voyage by Raft, and Spying in the Pacific; Non-Fiction and Novels of the Week

THE first volume of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's book, JOURNEY TO THE ENDS OF TIME (Cassell. 35s.), is called *Lost in the Dark Wood*, and it has taken him about seven years to write. It is evident that it has also taken him his whole lifetime of reading, travelling, listening and looking, to prepare for it. In his Note of Explanation to what he agrees is a "difficult" book, Mr. Sitwell says: "It is my belief that I have informed myself of nearly all works of art in the known world. I cannot think that anything considerable is missing. Where I have not been in person, I have read and studied. I have heard most of the music of the world, and seen nearly all the paintings." Now this, a measured statement but none the less sensational, is a better indication of the scope, if not of the quality, of the present book than any reader could give. It is not, however, an indication of its subject, which is "the problems and mysteries of life and death." The book, immense as it is and far-reaching as its aims are, still has an unquenchable gaiety of spirit in spite of the seriousness of its purpose. It has passages of real beauty and a constant appreciation of beauty wherever it is found. An appreciation of the grotesque and the physically hideous is there, too, and much that is strange, eerie and puzzling.

Two travel books come next, both set against African backgrounds and both written by intrepid women. The first of these is a young American anthropologist, Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall Thomas, who has made three expeditions so far to Africa, to make anthropological studies and films and to collect, in so doing, the material for her first book, THE HARMLESS PEOPLE (Secker and Warburg. 25s.). The region of which she has written is the Kalahari Desert between South-West Africa on one side and Transvaal and Bechuanaland on the other. It is probably one of the least hospitable lands in the world; the mild, little bushmen who inhabit it are perpetually hungry. Mrs. Thomas has written about them with the clarity of approach which becomes a scientist and a trained observer, but what distinguishes her book is the gentleness of its expression and her obvious friendliness.

WHITE PICCANINNY (Jarrolds. 21s.) is by Madame J. M. Fievet and has been translated from the French by Mr. Alan Houghton Brodrick. This is the story of the adventures of a mother and child in West Africa, surrounded by, naturally enough, Africans who were friendly and often helpful in unconventional ways. Madame Fievet and her husband went to Africa to paint—an activity which was regarded in a most co-operative way by their new-found acquaintances. During their sojourn a baby was born to them and later travelled in their train (in the least mechanical sense of that word) over Nigeria, his birthplace, and surrounding territories. Madame Fievet's account of safaris, explorations and the domestic problems entailed is nothing short of fascinating.

Eric de Bisschop was a Frenchman who decided in his own right as navigator and explorer to make a raft voyage in the opposite direction from that of the *Kon-Tiki*: that is, he started from Polynesia, in an attempt to refute Heyerdahl's contention that Polynesia had been discovered and colonised from South America, sailing from Papeete towards Chile at the age of sixty-five. His raft was built in Papeete, his companions were four younger men. This is in part the log of their voyage, together with admirable photographs and the author's own findings on the remarkable journey. On his way back from Chile, where he and his crew had been received with great acclaim, de Bisschop died in a shipwreck, though his crew were saved. TAHITI-NUI (Collins. 21s.) is a memorial to his courage, his independence and his devotion to the most hazardous forms of seafaring.

SPY RING PACIFIC (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.) treats of a very different aspect of the ocean and, indeed, a different quarter, since Colonel Allison Ind's book is concerned with the South-West Pacific and the formation of the Allied Intelligence Bureau there. It appears that the book has been refused security clearance for years by the United States Government and that its appearance is only belated for that reason. Be that as it may, the operation it describes is extraordinary, for it had to cover thousands upon thousands of miles, was obliged to operate with hastily assembled coast watchers, saboteurs and informers, as well as the more classic secret agents, and was the first time that military intelligence had had to deal with a problem in so vast an area. Fascinating stuff, especially where Colonel Ind writes of such battles as Guadalcanal, and apparently authoritative.

Another ocean, another struggle, with QUEST FOR FRANKLIN (Heinemann. 25s.), which is Rear-Admiral Noel Wright's account of Arctic exploration from the sixteenth century onwards, given as a background to the search for the explorer himself. Sir John Franklin sailed from England for the Canadian Arctic in 1845 with H.M.S. *Erebus* and H.M.S. *Terror*. Ships, men and leader disappeared, and it was not until 1848 that the first relief expedition was launched and not until 1859 that a later expedition found two "precious written messages." Lady Franklin was indomitable in seeking to rouse the authorities from their apathy and she was partly successful. More than a hundred years later Admiral Wright has examined the problem—and the mystery—again, and has reached some fresh and provocative conclusions. Good, crisp, sailor-like prose.

A BIG FISH IN THE SHETLANDS: A native of the village of Tresta kneels to support the opah, a fish of the dolphin family. The specimen was seen swimming towards the shore, falling over and later dying. It is 4 ft. 2 ins. long and weighs about 1 cwt. The opah is found only occasionally near the shore, preferring the deeper water of the North Sea. This one was said to be the largest on record in the Shetlands. The body of the opah is beautifully coloured: the back is bluish-green; the sides are violet, becoming red underneath; round or oval silvery spots are scattered all over the body; and the fins and tail are a deep scarlet.

THE PIEBALD STANDARD (Cassell. 30s.) is Miss Edith Simon's brilliant and imaginative biography of the Knights Templars, who were the first and the most powerful of the Military Orders of the Crusades. Founded in A.D. 1118 by a handful of Christian knights, their extinction, in fact, was as amazing as their rise had been, and now, to most of us, they are only a name with overtones of romance and adventure. Miss Simon has done a wonderful job in threading through the endless complexities of their history and in re-creating their times with such vivid fidelity.

There is just space for a few words about a new book on a topical subject before going on to a discussion of fiction this week. Alec Bedser has written about the M.C.C. tour of 1958-59 and, in MAY'S MEN IN AUSTRALIA (Stanley Paul. 16s.), has produced a lively and possibly controversial volume about the Australian victory and some of the reasons for the English defeat. He was with the team throughout, though not as a player, watching every match from the broadcasting box, and his comments, as Peter May says in his foreword, will provide the most complete record of the tour.

And so to fiction, beginning with a book by the writer whose name is Bryher and who has a very special following among the discriminating. They will welcome GATE TO THE SEA (Collins. 12s. 6d.) as yet another of her delectable, historical vignettes. The publishers point out that in this series she selects significant moments in history where mankind is faced with the dissolution of an epoch. The scene is set in Pæstum, now a collection of ruins visited by few save the odd tourist, but under Bryher's touch this becomes once more the Poseidonian city just after it had been sacked by the Lucanians. Throughout runs the moving story of Harmonia, the surviving priestess, who carries the wooden figure of Hera from the stricken city through the gate to the sea and to the Poseidonian exiles in their new settlement. Gentleness, compassion, as well as pity and terror are the basis of this elegantly-contrived Greek tragedy which Bryher has written with a grace and a power of evocation approaching the magical.

THE DAY ON FIRE (Collins. 21s.) may not be the novel which the reader expects from Mr. James Ramsey Ullman, since its adventures are not primarily a matter of snowy mountains or desert wastes, but it is, nevertheless, typical of this writer's imaginative vigour and powerful story-telling. Mr. Ullman has here written a long novel suggested by the life of the French poet Rimbaud, who lived between 1854 and 1891, following the outlines of Rimbaud's known life, but filling in those traces with his own vivid and sympathetic reconstruction of what might well have happened. The result is a book which is slightly over-written, but still pulses with life and with the anguish, horror and exaltation that went towards making this particular poet.

The thriller of the week, and possibly of the month, is without any doubt Mr. Desmond O'Neill's LIFE HAS NO PRICE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), for the excellent reason that, whereas it is adequate as far as the detecting problem goes, it is far more than that as a fresh, imaginative and even poetic piece of writing. It is essentially Irish, and its people are real enough and articulate enough to meet any day on O'Connell Street.

Two new Simenon books are MAIGRET HAS SCRUPLES (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) and THE NEGRO (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.). The latter, translated by Helen Sebba, is in Simenon's recent manner and is a psychological novel of character and development, rather than a straightforward (if that is the appropriate word) crime story. The Maigret book is in Simenon's more classic and, to me, preferable manner in which criminal intentions are analysed with a familiar subtlety, even when, as here, the crime has not yet been committed.

Vernon Fane

THE KING BEHIND THE FACADE

A Portrait of Louis XIV

THERE can be few works of history and biography that have conjured up the everyday life of a king and his court with quite the same sparkling clarity, warm humanity, and portrayal of personality as W. H. Lewis's LOUIS XIV (André Deutsch. 18s.). An immensity of reading must have preceded the writing of this vivid royal portrait, and hardly less vivid presentation of some of the outstanding men and women of the long reign. We see the all-dominant Mazarin, a man of avarice and ill-temper who, none the less, strongly influenced the young King, teaching him the elements of statecraft and European diplomacy. We see Mazarin's successor-in-part, the redoubtable Colbert, working so ably to aid and abet his industrious Prime Minister-King. In one of the most delightful aspects of Mr. Lewis's book, we see the gay and sparkling Marie Adelaide of Savoy, a sort of seventeenth-century Julie Andrews, bounce into the sombre court of Versailles, delighting the King with her spontaneity and gaiety, making an immediate friend of governess Maintenon, and (like Louis himself could do) throwing protocol to the winds.

Certainly Louis is not shown as a man of brilliance or vision, of much wit or special wisdom; but he had abundant common sense, an infinite capacity for taking advice, a great deal of courage, much humanity, and remarkable humility, when one considers the adulation to which he was subjected over so long a period. Louis's life at the zenith, spent amid such brilliance, drew to a close with the shadows of French domestic upheaval gathering round the throne, and the ascendancy of Marlborough and the Allies threatening even the frontiers of France. Summing it all up, Mr. Lewis feels that the King emerges from this searching test neither as a great, good or genial man, "but he had more of these qualities than many people who have been much more leniently assessed by posterity, and if he was warped by his upbringing, by absolutism and flattery, he was certainly not broken."

From a clumsy Maine farm boy to a world-recognised philosopher, writer, teacher and lecturer, who was also a man of action, Elizabeth Gray Vining traces the life of Rufus M. Jones in a remarkable biography, FRIEND OF LIFE (Michael Joseph. 25s.). Rufus Jones's work reached its peak in the American Friends Service Committee, which he organised to help bind Europe's wounds in World War I, and which has been caring for hungry, homeless victims of racial hate and political division ever since. Rufus Jones was a great humanitarian, and the vision of him striding fearlessly across the battlegrounds of the twentieth century is an inspiring one. Mrs. Vining writes from the background of her own friendship with this distinguished Quaker.

H. E. L. Mellersh has already written a most excellent book in popular style on evolution as it is to-day, from amœba to Man. Now he carries the story on by setting out the modern evidence for man's physical ancestry, putting Heidelburg Man, Dryopithecus, and all the rest of them in their proper places. THE STORY OF MAN (Hutchinson. 21s.) is most ably presented, and the photographs and line drawings elaborate the text in a really helpful way.

DIPLOMAT INSIDE RUSSIA

military attaché in the British Embassy in Moscow, especially if he spoke Russian well, would certainly pect to be suspect and shadowed if he sought to poke nose into forbidden matters and regions, and adier Davidson-Houston, who filled that bill in the ent decade, was constantly handicapped in his ch for the truth as would be a suspected spy. In MED DIPLOMAT (Robert Hale. 21s.) his account of ple in Moscow is a textbook of information, and very esting. His observations of diplomatic social gements in the Kremlin are frank. He discloses a rishness among the men at the top and a lack of ure in their womenfolk which is far from flattering. has shrewd pen-pictures of all the recent leaders, still ive or deposed. Nevertheless, a rough geniality and generosity peeps through their suspicions and ecies, their horse-play and potations, and when he elk-hunting, his hosts seemed almost Western in r habits and jokes. He missed no chance to travel, the south-west, to the Caucasus, to Tartary, always le to hold-up, interrogation and even arrest. I should that he well succeeded in his main diplomatic duty. found out a great deal about the Russian Army and relations between its officers and men. In every he and his readers are made aware of the contrasts ween slick modernity and almost barbarism, between adline poverty and comparative affluence.

DEDICATED MASTER OF ARTS

have puzzled of late over the vast annual output of books and in particular over signs of a return to ssive biographies, whose price excludes co-operation many libraries. At first, the size of Christopher ssall's EDWARD MARSH (Longmans, 42s.) nished me. I felt that this brilliant but pocket cenas might be buried under the weight of so massive rcophagus. But Eddie Marsh no doubt was caviare the general, and those who read will make no nice culation of price. They will have a banquet. Eddie rsh never wasted a minute of the unforgiving hour lived his full life—official and unofficial—in the most lliant circle of his day; and such judges as Winston urchill, Maugham and de la Mare, Mortimer and dy Violet Bonham Carter, all speak to his qualities mind, his sympathy and generosity to young authors, sicians and artists, his taste and literary judgment. t all begins " with the murder of Spencer Perceval ! range but true. Eddie Marsh came to enjoy by scent a share of the blood money voted for Perceval's mily. He spent it royally on young prodigies in stress; and if never before were there so many promising ets as among his Georgians, never before were there many on the bread-line. His favourites were the ungest; Rupert Brooke, above all. They lived with m, many of them on him. But he was a peer among the ders and the established, and he was a collector and nnoisseur of men and merit in every field.

A piping little voice, a gentle, shy nature, an eye-lass—all suggested a pocket Mæcenas. His friends knew tter. Sometimes, his sympathy and enthusiasms led m to praise too highly. At times the golden boys of e lost generation seem over-exalted to some. It is a od fault. Mr. Hassall has not buried Eddie Marsh. he few (among 50,000,000) who appreciated him and ew him will find nothing irrelevant in this long and orthy record of a dedicated Master of Arts. **John Gore**

The Royal Botanic Gardens of Kew, now celebrating eir bicentenary and recently honoured by a Royal sit, originated in the exotic garden formed by Lord apel and extended by the widow of Frederick Prince of Vales and by George III, aided by the skill of William lton and Sir Joseph Banks. In 1840 the gardens came a national establishment, and to-day Kew is e great authority on plant identification, and almost ily samples of drugs, fibres, foods, oil-producing plants nd gums are sent to Kew for determination of source nd authenticity. Dr. W. B. Turrill, formerly Keeper f the Herbarium and Library at Kew, describes the istory and the work of this great establishment in his test book, THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, EW (Herbert Jenkins. 25s.). It is an excellent piece of ork, and, as the Director at Kew so rightly says in his reword, " Dr. Turrill has made a happy sortie from s normal scientific sphere." This is a book that eryone can understand and enjoy.

From the prehistoric Lascaux hunters to Picasso en have represented animals in sculpture, painting and awing. Marcel Brion has brought together some of e major contributions in this field in his magnificent lustrated book, ANIMALS IN ART (Harrap. 60s.). ver 100 illustrations are in gravure, sixteen of them in ll colour, and M. Brion's text is both succinct and elpful.

Allan Jobson gives us an enchanting glimpse of illage life in North-East Suffolk, both from his own arly memories and those of his grandparents. AN OUR-GLASS ON THE RUN (Michael Joseph. 18s.) a nostalgic and often very amusing record of habits nd customs in a rural corner of England which may be lose to London, but which none the less enjoys, and has ong enjoyed, a splendid isolation. **R. C. E.**

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM": Hippolyta, played by Stephanie Bidmead, enters in the opening scene in the palace of Theseus of the comedy, which opened at the Stratford Memorial Theatre on Tuesday of last week. This is the third play in Stratford's hundredth season. Production, which is by Peter Hall, breaks away from the tradition. There is no Mendelssohn music, no balletic fairies, and no elaborate scenic effects. The fairies are shown as mischievous boys dressed as mortals. The production, according to Mr. Hall, takes the play back to its beginnings, perhaps for a wedding in the sixteenth century.

On right—
THE LOVERS: In a scene from " The Dream " are, from left, Edward de Souza, as Demetrius; Vanessa Redgrave, as Helena; Priscilla Morgan, as Hermia; and Albert Finney, in the part of Lysander.

"THE DREAM" WITHOUT MENDELSSOHN

The latest of the productions during the Stratford Memorial Theatre's 100th season is *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Charles Laughton as Bottom. It is a comedy which has suffered more than most from the vicissitudes of taste since it was written: sophisticated Restoration and reasonable eighteenth-century audiences could make little of the fairies and the delicate nonsense of the lovers' pursuit of each other. The Victorians, with Mendelssohn's music, tended to see it as a children's story. It was perhaps a laudable attempt by the present producer at Stratford, Peter Hall, to do away with this music, fairies played by ballet dancers, and accretions of business in the clowns' scenes. He has said his production was an attempt to get back to something like the Elizabethan original.

The play is presented in settings which suggest that the play might have been written in honour of a wedding in a country house. If the innovations sometimes obscured the delicacy of the verse and comedy, the general opinion appeared to be that Charles Laughton and the fairies lent a moonlit good humour.

On left—
THE WEAVER AND THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES: Bottom (Charles Laughton) rests his head in the lap of Titania (Mary Ure). Charles Laughton is making his first appearance at Stratford and is playing Bottom for the first time.

FANUM HOUSE OPENED

The New A.A. Headquarters in London; a New Rootes Spare Parts Depot in Birmingham; A Visit to the Main Triplex Glass Factory

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

MOTORING has seldom seen a more representative gathering than that which took place recently for the official opening of the new Automobile Association headquarters in London's Leicester Square. It was a big motoring occasion: a landmark in the history of motoring. For the A.A. membership roll has always been a kind of barometer recording the state of the movement. It now carries 2,200,000 names and reflects the healthy growth of motoring over the past ten years. The new H.Q. building is worthy of the place the A.A. now holds in the public life of the nation. It is adequately equipped to minister to the needs of its rapidly-expanding membership and provides a dramatic contrast with the modest office suite first occupied on this site more than fifty years ago by an infant organisation with only 3,500 members.

The A.A. has now absorbed the whole of the island site bounded by Leicester Square, New Coventry Street and Whitcomb Street. It has meant the disappearance of some interesting old landmarks—including Thurston's, the Green Room Club and the Lord Belgrave public house—but although this has caused the shedding of a few nostalgic tears it has made possible the enrichment of London's architecture.

The main entrance to the new A.A. building is now situated in Leicester Square. Visitors find themselves in an impressive marble-walled foyer with a series of reception rooms grouped round it. Practically the whole of the ground floor is used for this purpose. Here visiting members have their needs attended to with a minimum of delay and fuss. There will be little or no queueing even at rush periods. Over to the left as you enter the new Fanum House is a curved observation window through which visitors may watch the operations room in action. This is the nerve-centre of the organisation controlling the A.A. breakdown service and giving advice and information to members on a fantastic variety of subjects. The ops. room has been laid out on a dramatic scale, with the operators' desks and telephone keyboards rising tier upon tier along two sides of an elliptical staircase.

On top of the new building a 60-ft. radio mast gives a reminder that the A.A. now operates emergency services by wireless control over an area of 47,000 square miles. In the basement there is parking space for twenty-five service vehicles. For members calling for legal or technical advice there is a separate reception area on the first floor with individual consulting rooms. The new Fanum House telephone exchange is one of the biggest and most up-to-date in Britain and there is a teleprinter centre linking thirty-four A.A. offices in distant parts of the country.

Viscount de L'Isle, V.C., a Vice-President of the Association, received the guests at the opening of the new Fanum House. He and Mr. K. L. Kelly, the Secretary-General, were showered with compliments on the appearance and layout of the new H.Q., which follows the original design of the late Mr. Andrew Mather. Mr. Leonard Allen has been responsible for the final stages of completion. The extension to the original Fanum House is a steel-framed structure with reinforced concrete hollow tile floors and faced in Portland stone on all elevations to preserve the architectural style of the original building.

Over now to another big building which will in future mean a lot to many motorists. I refer to the old Singer factory at Tyseley, Birmingham, which the Rootes Group have turned into a central parts depot for Humber, Hillman, Sunbeam and Singer cars, and Commer and Karrier trucks. In this great six-storey warehouse £10,000,000 worth of parts are kept. Every day more than 10,000 different items are despatched from the depot to some of the Group's 6,000 dealers in 163 countries. The enormous stock of spares held in this depot covers more than 60,000 different items, ranging from washers to body shells.

I was shown round the depot recently by Mr. Geoffrey Rootes, Managing Director of the manufacturing division of the Rootes Group. He told me: "This centralisation has enabled the Rootes Group to speed up the delivery of spare parts at home and abroad." The new Tyseley depot, which has a staff of nearly 1,000 people, takes the place of three separate establishments at Luton, Coventry and Silverstone. It has 500,000 sq. ft. of covered floor space: 30 per cent. of the parts kept in this great storehouse are manufactured by the Rootes Group itself. The remainder come from 500 outside suppliers. Another interesting figure, given me by Mr. Rex Watson-Lee, Managing Director of the Group's parts division, is that 40 per cent. of the Group's entire output of spares is exported.

While I was at Tyseley I witnessed an experiment which provided additional evidence of the efforts being made by the British motor industry to improve its after-sale service to export customers. A B.E.A. helicopter landed alongside the depot and was off again within five minutes with a cargo of urgently-needed spares for seven big Continental capitals: Geneva, Stockholm, Milan, Düsseldorf, Copenhagen, Paris and Brussels. The helicopter flew off to London Airport, where the parts were loaded on to various Continental airliners many hours sooner than if they had been sent by road. "Every day a 10-ton truck leaves here for London Airport with air-freight spares for Rootes distributors on the Continent," Mr. Geoffrey Rootes told me. "We think, however, that when parts are urgently needed, we can get them to our distributors much more quickly by using a helicopter."

There is no doubt at all that the supply of spare parts for cars has greatly improved since the war. I can personally vouch for the fact that all the Big Five car manufacturers have spent large sums of money and engaged big staffs to make sure that car-owners can have their vehicles repaired promptly whenever anything goes wrong. A big responsibility rests on the distributors at home and abroad in making certain that they maintain a properly balanced stock of spares.

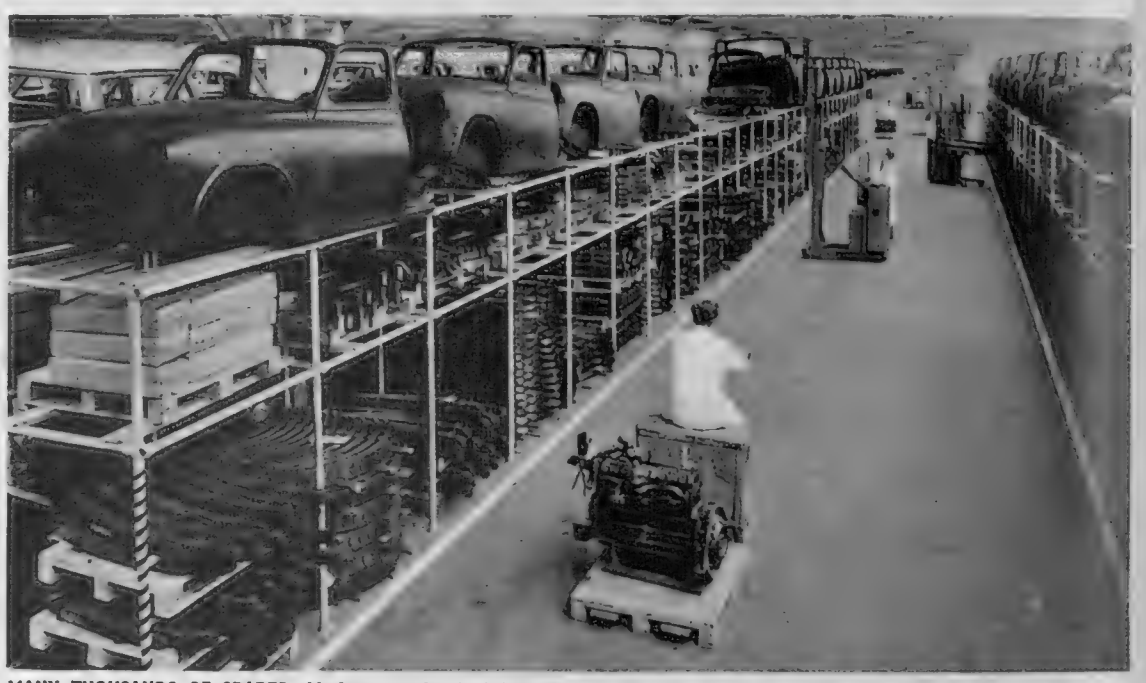
When I recently visited the Triplex main factory at King's Norton, Birmingham, I expected to get a conclusive answer to the hoary old question: which is safer for windscreens—toughened or laminated glass? Personally, I am all for the laminated kind, which consists of a "sandwich" of two thin layers of glass with an interlayer of plastic material.

The toughened screens are made of glass that gets its safety qualities by being heated to a high temperature and then rapidly cooled by air jets. When the more expensive laminated screen fractures the "meat" in the glass sandwich prevents sharp splinters being thrown into the faces of the car's occupants. Most motorists are familiar with what happens when a toughened glass screen breaks. It cracks into so many tiny particles that it goes almost opaque. If it happens when you are driving into the sun or against the headlights of another car it seems that someone has suddenly pulled down a blind in front of the driver. The thing to do when this happens is to smack your fist through the screen to make a hole to see through, but motorists seldom have the presence of mind to do this. For one thing, they are too busy pulling the car to a quick standstill. The special virtue of the toughened screen is that even if it disintegrates completely and the particles fly back on to the driver and his passengers, they do no harm because their edges are not sharp.

It is not surprising, I suppose, that at the main Triplex factory, where they make both kinds of safety glass, there are two schools of thought on this Laminated *v.* Toughened controversy. Triplex make the vast majority of screens for the British motor industry and 80 per cent. are of the toughened variety. Most of the remaining 20 per cent. are fitted to cars destined for export to the U.S., Canada or Rhodesia, where laminated screens are demanded by law. I found at Birmingham that Triplex production of toughened glass screens has now been switched completely to turning out a product which conforms to the new official requirement for a "particle count" of 15 to the square inch (or, more precisely, 60 per four square inches, to spread the average a little wider). This means that when a screen fractures the "frosting" effect is not so great. The screen breaks up into bigger particles and it gives the driver a better chance of seeing through the cracks. Up to four years ago the law demanded that if a toughened screen fractured it must break into particles so small that there were 40 to the square inch. That was changed to 20 four years ago and now it is sensibly down to 15.

Mr. J. D. Anderson, Works Director of the Triplex factory at King's Norton, reminded me that his organisation also has factories in London (Willesden, N.W.) and at St. Helen's, Lancashire. In total they are currently turning out 100,000 pieces of safety glass (covering 250,000 sq. ft.) every week, 15 per cent. of them being screens. Triplex expansion has had to keep pace with the expansion of the British motor industry as a whole, and the firm's production rose from 13,000,000 sq. ft. in 1954 to 23,000,000 last year (which, I am told, is rather larger than London's 500-acre Regent's Park).

CARRYING URGENT SPARES: A B.E.A. helicopter takes off from the new central parts depot of the Rootes Group, in Birmingham, bound for London Airport with a cargo of spare parts for overseas markets.



MANY THOUSANDS OF SPARES: Modern mechanical handling equipment is used at the new Rootes Group depot in Birmingham. In the six-storey warehouse, formerly the old Singer factory, parts are kept for Humber, Hillman, Sunbeam and Singer cars, and Commer and Karrier trucks. Some 60,000 spares are in stock. On Wednesday of last week, a fire broke out on the second floor, but no vital damage was done.

A SMALL START: The first "headquarters" of the Automobile Association was a small room in a Fleet Street solicitor's office, which was occupied in 1905. Two years later the Association took a corner of the present site. Membership was 3,500. Recently, Fanum House, the new national headquarters, was opened in Leicester Square, in London. It covers the whole of the same island site where the A.A. set up its offices in 1907.

On right—

THE FIRST "FANUM HOUSE": It was opened in Whitcomb Street in 1909, adjoining the existing offices in Princes' Buildings. In that year membership of the A.A. had risen to 10,000.

THE NEW HEADQUARTERS: Occupying the whole of the island site on the west side of Leicester Square, the national headquarters of the Association is eight storeys high. In the basement is a car park for operational vehicles, and on the roof there is a 60-ft.-high radio mast.

On left—

INSIDE THE RADIO CONTROL ROOM: The radio controllers are in constant touch with A.A. patrols in the London area to direct them to the assistance of members. The centrally-placed illuminated panel shows the changing positions and availability of A.A. radio-controlled vehicles throughout London and the Home Counties.

PROGRESS IN THE 1920's: In 1923, a start was made on the demolition of Princes' Buildings, to be replaced by the first section of Fanum House as it is to-day.

THE A.A.'s NEW HEADQUARTERS

Fanum House, in Leicester Square, London, was Completed Recently

A sign of the times is the completion of the new national headquarters of the Automobile Association, in Leicester Square, in London. In recent weeks, traffic at the week-end and on Bank Holidays has reached greater proportions than ever before. Some of that traffic inevitably suffers from mechanical trouble and seeks the help of the radio-controlled breakdown service operated by the A.A. Drivers who realise the congestion occurring at certain well-known bottlenecks, particularly near London, seek new routes, and the A.A. is asked continually for information about them.

To-day the A.A. has some 2,200,000 members. It has been calculated that new members join at an average rate of more than 1,000 every working day. In order to cope with the great increase of cars and drivers on the roads of Britain in the last half-century, the A.A. has grown rapidly until it has become the world's largest motoring organisation. When the Association first occupied part of the island site at Leicester Square in 1907, membership was 3,500.

Work on the present Fanum House was begun in 1923, and by 1926 the development of the New Coventry Street frontage had been completed. This was followed in 1937 and 1938 by two substantial extensions along the Leicester Square and Whitcomb Street frontages. The final stages—the completion of the whole island site—began in 1954, the contract embracing the modernisation of the four earlier sections.

PART OF THE SERVICE AT FANUM HOUSE: The foreign touring reception room is spacious and modern in design. Many thousands of members of the Association call at the national headquarters every year for information and assistance on all matters connected with travelling abroad. Recesses provide seating and table space for members to study the proposals and the prospects of the journey. The reception room also has a cashier's counter so that transactions may be completed on the spot. Information, even on complex routes through the remoter parts of Europe, can be obtained very quickly.

The main entrance has been moved from its old position to the centre of the building facing Leicester Square. Almost the entire ground floor is devoted to spacious reception rooms for visiting members; these are furnished with comfortable seating accommodation, telephone kiosks and recessed cubicles equipped with writing tables. One of the reception offices is open twenty-four hours a day in case of emergencies. Also on the ground floor is the operations room, the nerve-centre of the A.A.'s radio-controlled road and emergency services, which now operate in an area of 47,000 square miles. Dominating this room is the radio control cabin, in which an illuminated panel shows the ever-changing positions of the radio-controlled vehicles in London and the Home Counties.

For members who call to discuss legal or technical problems, a separate reception area is provided on the first floor, equipped with individual consulting rooms so that interviews may be conducted in privacy. The telephone exchange, claimed to be one of the largest automatic switchboards in Britain, handles more than 1,000,000 incoming calls a year. A teleprinter centre links thirty-four A.A. offices through four group centres and is the most extensive chain in the country. In the basement underground car park, with room for twenty-five service vehicles, a turntable has been installed to enable goods vehicles to drive into the basement loading bay without turning in the street.

THE OPERATIONS ROOM: The nerve-centre of Fanum House for the radio-controlled road and emergency service is this room. Requests for help and information are dealt with by operators who occupy map-lined cubicles arranged in step formation round an elliptical staircase.

A NEW VEHICLE AND PASSENGER FERRY FOR THE SOLENT: The 671-ton diesel twin-screw vehicle and passenger ferry *Carisbrooke Castle* has been designed and built by John I. Thornycroft and Co. Ltd., at their Woolston Works, Southampton, for the Southampton, Isle of Wight and South of England Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. Ltd. (Red Funnel Steamers). She operates between Southampton and both West and East Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, and has space for about forty-five vehicles on the main deck with unrestricted height at the fore-end for lorries of up to 20 tons in weight. Mobile cranes can also be carried. If used for passenger service only, she has accommodation for 1,200 people. Vehicle loading is effected by means of an articulated ramp at the fore-end; side loading is also possible, sliding doors in the ship's side giving access to the sheltered car deck. At the after-end of the car deck a turn-table has been installed to assist in the stowage of vehicles. *Carisbrooke Castle* has an overall length of 191 ft. 2 ins. and a service speed of 14 knots.

NEW FERRIES

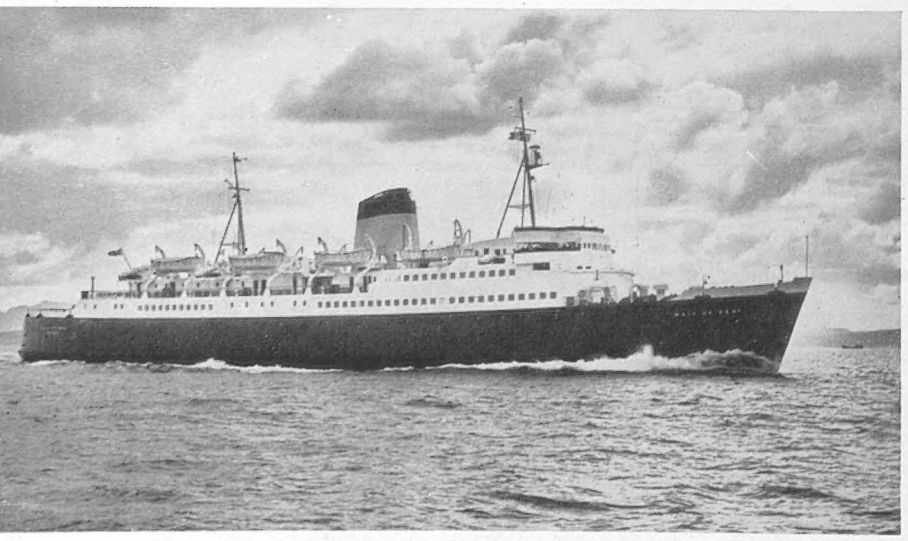
"Carisbrooke Castle" Sails from Southampton and "Maid of Kent" from Dover

THE SUN DECK: The view of the *Carisbrooke Castle* is from the port side looking aft. On the promenade deck seating is protected from the weather by side windows. There is also a large observation lounge.

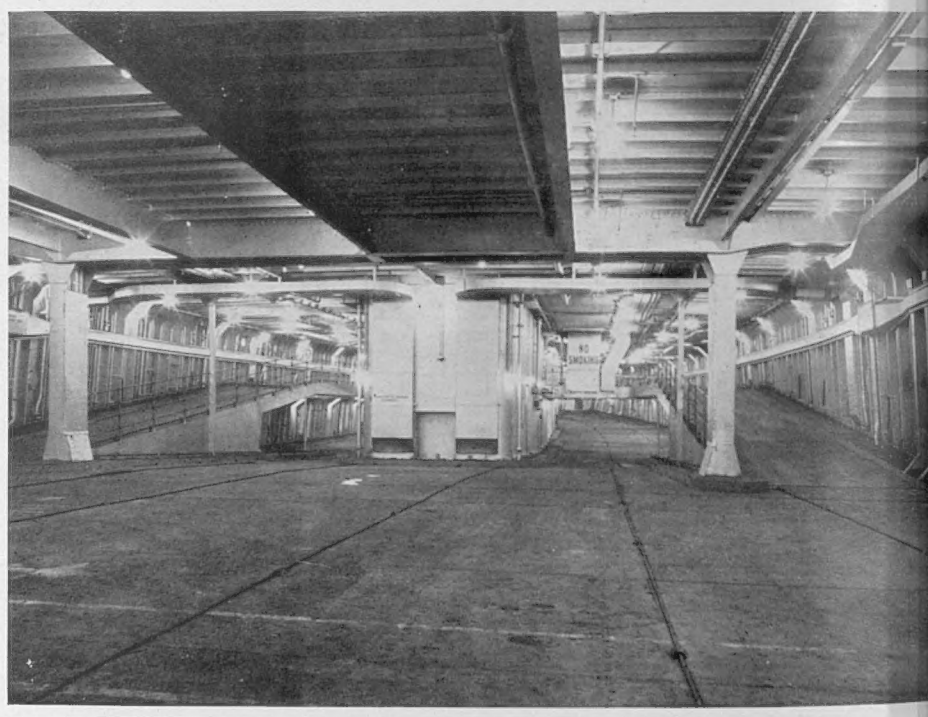
On right—

THE CAR DECK: The picture, taken from the fore-end, shows the sheltered car deck in the background. In the left centre are the sliding doors which are opened when side-loading is in progress.

IN HARBOUR: With the fore-end ramp lowered, cars drive on to the *Carisbrooke Castle* for the journey across the Solent. During the peak summer holiday period, the ship, which is one of five operated by the company, will make five sailings a day between Southampton harbour and East and West Cowes.



THE BIGGEST CAR FERRY IN SERVICE WITH BRITISH RAILWAYS: The 4,413-ton *Maid of Kent*, which has been built by William Denny and Bros., is operated by the Southern Region of British Railways on the Dover-Boulogne route. Replacing the *Dinard*, she is the third new car ferry to enter the Dover service in a year.



THE MAIN CAR DECK OF THE "MAID OF KENT": The ramps on each side lead to the mezzanine deck. There is accommodation for 180 cars and 1,000 passengers. The ship has a speed of more than 20 knots. At present she makes two journeys each day between Britain and France, but at the height of the season she will make as many as six.

On left—

ACCOMMODATION FOR PASSENGERS: The row of chairs is on the seaward side of the deck lounge. In order to allow for smoother crossings, stabilisers have been fitted to the ship. *Maid of Kent* has a bow propeller to manœuvre her into dock.

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